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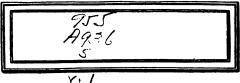
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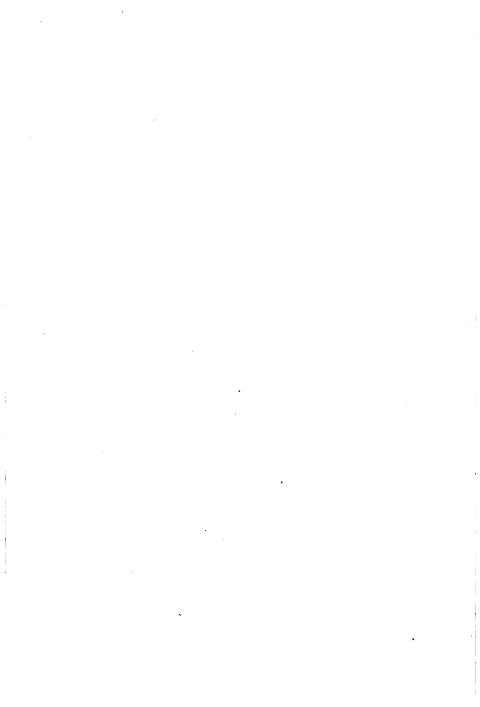


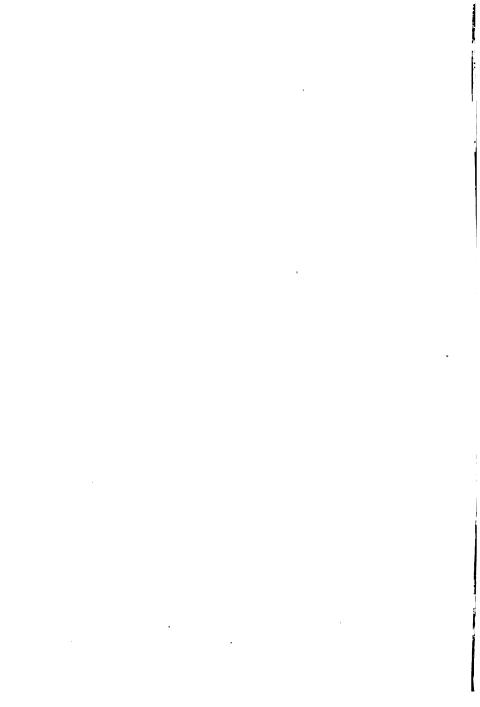






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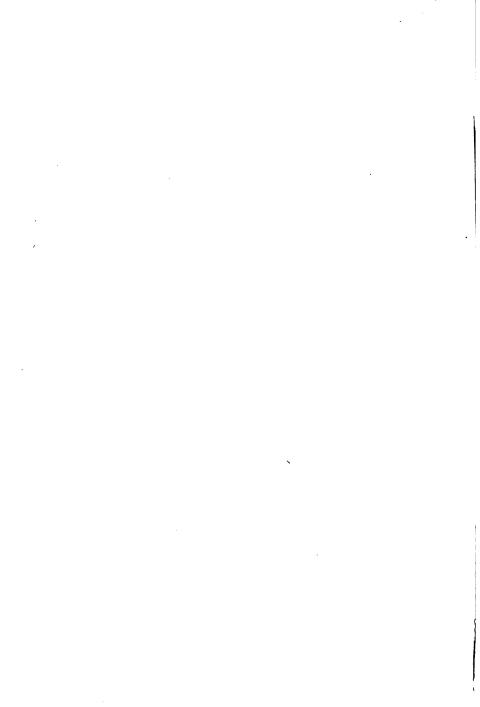


STANDISH OF STANDISH

By JANE GOODWIN AUSTIN

IN TWO VOLUMES VOLUME I





Edith From Modret :-



"'T is a wondrous poor pen, John"

STANDISH OF STANDISH A STORY OF THE PILGRIMS BY JANE GOODWIN AUSTIN

WITH PHOTOGRAVURE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DESIGNS BY FRANK T MERRILL IN TWO VOLUMES VOLUME I



。 以解析。 以析 到在10万段的制度

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

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The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., $U.\,S.\,A.$ Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.

Dedication.

to the memory of my dear brother, JOHN A. GOODWIN,

WHO MORE THAN ANY MAN HAS CONSERVED FOR OUR DELIGHT

THE STORY OF THOSE PILGRIM FATHERS

"WITHOUT WHOSE LIVES OURS HAD NOT BEEN."





A PREFATORY NOTE.

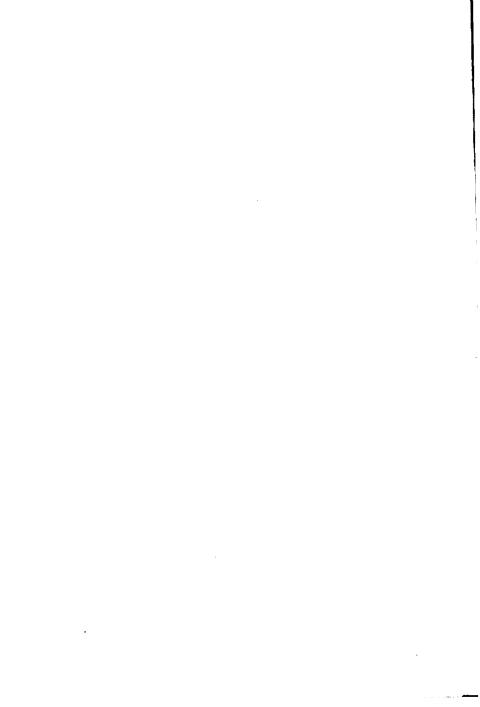
THE history of the Old Colony includes, among some very stern facts, a deal of sweet and tender romance, hitherto hardly known except to those who have learned it at their mother's knee.

But in these days many persons seem disposed to pause for a moment in the eager race after the golden fruits of the Pilgrims' husbandry, and to look curiously back at the spot where the seed was sown.

To such I offer this story of Myles Standish, The-Sword-of-the-White-Men, the hero, who not for gain, not from necessity, not even from religious zeal, but purely in the knightly fervor of his blood, forsook home, and heritage, and glory, and ambition, to company that helpless band of exiles, and to be the Great-Heart of their Pilgrimage to the City that they sought.

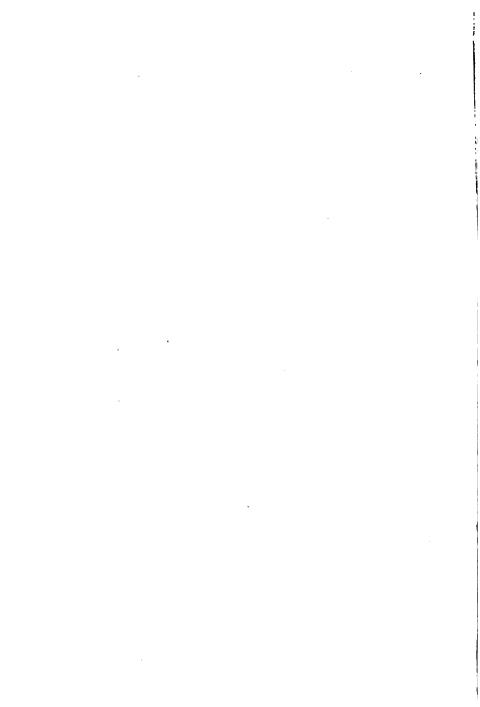
To such students I will promise that they shall not be misled as to facts, though these be strung upon a slender thread of romance; and I will beg them to ground themselves well upon the solid Pilgrim Rock, that they may the better understand the story of Lazarus Le-Baron, son of A Nameless Nobleman, to be offered them in due time, unless Time shall be no more for the Author.

JANE G. AUSTIN.



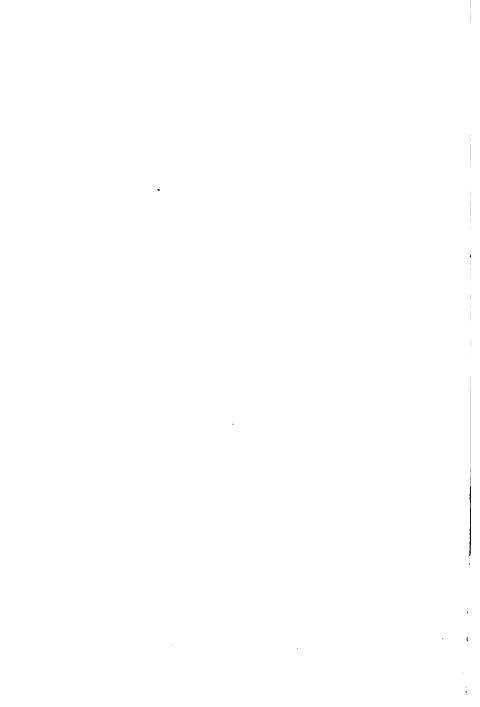
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STANDISH OF STANDISH.

CHAPTER I.

THE BATTLE OF THE TUBS.

It was Monday morning.

It was also the twenty-third day of November in the year of our Lord 1620; but this latter fact was either unknown or matter of profound indifference to the two-and-twenty women who stood ready to make the day memorable in the world's history, while the fact of Monday was to them one of paramount importance.

Do you ask why this was thus?

The answer is duplex: first, the two-and-twenty women were not aware of their own importance, nor could guess that History would ever concern herself with the date of their present undertaking; and second, for a reason whose roots are prehistoric, for they spring from the unfathomable depths of the feminine soul wherein abides inherently the love of purity, of order, and of tradition. Yes, in two hundred and seventy years the face of Nature, of empires, and of peoples has changed almost beyond recognition in this our New World; but the grand law at whose practical establishment in the New World we now assist, abides to-day:—

Monday is Washing Day.

Does some caviler here suggest that although the human female soul is embodied in the children of Ham, Shem, and Japhet, the mighty law referred to is binding only upon that Anglo-British-Saxon-Norman division of Japhet's daughters domiciled in and emanating from the British Isles? Let us proudly reply that in considering the result of a process we consider the whole; and let us meekly add that to our mind the Anglo-British-Saxon-Norman woman, perfected under an American sky; is the woman of the world; and finally, let us point to the two-and-twenty heroines of that Monday as chief among American women, for they were the Pilgrim Mothers of the New World.

The Pilgrim Fathers were there also; and they, too, were exemplifying a law of nature, that is to say, a law of male nature in every clime and every age. They did not love Washing Day. They felt no joy in the possibility of its observance, they felt no need of its processes. And yet again more humano, they did not openly set themselves against it, they did not frankly express their unworthy content in their present estate, but they feebly suggested that as the observance had been some weeks omitted, with no sensible loss of comfort to themselves, it might well be farther postponed; that the facilities were by no means remarkable; that rain was very possible, and that they had to apply themselves without delay to unshipping the pinnace from the hold of the Mayflower, and fitting her for the immediate service of exploration.

To these arguments the women meekly responded that in the nature of things they were better fitted to judge of the emergency than their lords, whose attention must be absorbed in matters of so much higher import; that they did not require the help of any man whose work upon the pinnace would be at all important, and that the sandy beach, the pool of fresh water, and the clumps of stunted shrubs fairly spread upon the shore in front of them were all the facilities they required. As for the weather, as Dame Hopkins piously remarked:—

- "If Monday's weather be not fit for washing, there is no promise in Holy Writ of anything better in the rest of the week."
- "Oh, if thou r't bent on washing, the shrewedest storm that ever swept the Zuyder Zee will never stop thee; so get thy rags together as soon as may be," growled her husband, a grizzled, hard-visaged veteran some twenty years older than this his second wife of whom he was very fond.
- "Nay, then," interposed another voice, as a shrewd, kindly looking man, albeit with a certain whimsical cast to his thin features, approached the pair; "Mistress Hopkins will do no washing to-day; no, nor even go on shore to gather chill and weariness for my little friend Oceanus."
- "'Will not,' shall not? Marry and who is to hinder, if you please, good Master Fuller?" asked the young woman in a somewhat shrewish voice.
- "I, Samuel Fuller, Licentiate of Cambridge, late practitioner of Bartlemy's Hospital, London, and your medical adviser, madam," replied the doctor with a dry smile and mocking bow. "Recall, if you please, that Oceanus is not yet a fortnight old, and that both mother and child are still my responsibility. Would you ruin my reputation, madam, not to mention risking your own life and the boy's?"

"Have a care, Doctor, or some fine day you'll trip in your own quips, and break your neck," replied Mistress Hopkins half sullenly, while her husband cried, -

"He's right there, Bess. Thou'rt in no case for such rough sport as this is like to prove, and thou'lt

stay aboard whoever goes ashore."

"Yes, stay thou aboard and mind thy babe, and I'll take thy clothes along with my own, so thou'lt let Constance come to help me," suggested the somewhat coarse voice of a woman standing by.

"Thank you kindly, goodwife Billington," replied Elizabeth Hopkins coldly. "But Alice Rigdale hath already promised to do what is needed, and Constance must stay with me to mind Damaris and Oceanus."

"Oh, if goodwife Rigdale has taken it in hand, I will step back," replied Mistress Billington sharply; and as she descended the companion-way, Hopkins muttered in his wife's ear, —

"Now thou showest some sense, wench. The least thou hast to do with the Billington brood the better I'll be pleased."

"That's worth working for, surely," retorted his

wife, tossing her head pettishly.

"I tell you there's no boat to be spared, and no man to row it, and I'll have naught to say to it," exclaimed a surly voice from the companion-way, and Captain Thomas Jones, master of the Mayflower, but not of the Pilgrims, appeared on deck.

Captain Jones was not an amiable man, his training as buccaneer and slaver having possibly blunted his finer feelings, and his consciousness of present treachery probably increasing the irritability often succeeding to a

murdered conscience.

Such as he was, however, this man was the Inventor of Plymouth Rock, since by his collusion with the Dutch who wished to keep the profits of their Manhattan Colony to themselves, the Mayflower had found it impossible to make her way southward around Cape Cod, and after nearly going to wreck upon the shoals off Malabar, or Tucker's Terror had been driven within the embrace of the curving arm thrown out by the New World to welcome and shelter the homeless children of the Old. There she lay now, the weather-beaten, clumsy, strained, and groaning old bark whose name is glorious in the annals of our country while Time shall endure, and whose merest splinter would to-day be enshrined in gold; there she lay swinging gently to the send of the great Atlantic whose waves broke sonorously upon the beach outside, and came racing around the point a flood of shattered and harmless monsters, moaning and hissing, to find their prey escaped and safely landlocked.

"There's no boat, I say, and there's an end on 't," repeated Master Jones truculently as he stepped on deck, and two men who had been earnestly conversing at the stern of the brig turned round and came toward him. They were John Carver, already governor of the colony, and William Bradford, his lieutenant and successor. The governor was the first to speak, and the somewhat measured accents of his voice, with its inflections at once kindly and haughty, told of gentle breeding, of a calm and dignified temper, and of an aptness at command.

"And why no boat, Master Jones?" asked he quietly. "Methought by the terms of our agreement you were to aid us in every way in making our settlement."

"And I'm not going back of my word, am I, master?" demanded Jones peevishly. "A pack of wenches going ashore with tubs and kettles and bales and such gear is not a settlement, is it?"

"Nay, but a means thereto if haply they find the place convenient," replied Carver pleasantly. "At any rate, we will send them, since it has been promised, and the same boat will serve to transport them with their gear that is already fitted to help us ashore with the pinnace."

"And our own men will do all that is required in lading and rowing the boat," added Bradford in his mild, persuasive voice. Jones, overborne by a calm authority against which he could not bluster, turned on his heel muttering some surly assent. Carver slightly smiled as he watched the square and clumsy form expressing in every line of its back the futile rage of an overborne coward, and, turning toward the companion way, he called.—

"Howland, John Howland, a word with thee!"

"Ay, sir," replied a blithe young voice; and presently a handsome head of pure Saxon type, as indeed were both Bradford's and Carver's, appeared above the hatchway, and a strong young fellow swinging himself upon deck approached the governor, saying apologetically,—

"I was helping to get out the pinnace, and there is a mort of dust and dirt about her."

"I'll give thee a pleasanter task, John," replied Carver, smiling affectionately upon his young retainer. "Thou and John Alden and Gilbert Winslow shall take charge of the women who fain would go ashore to wash their clothes. They will use the boat already lying alongside, and thou hadst better advise with Mistress Brewster for the rest. I leave it all with you twain."

- "I will do my best, sir," replied Howland with a smile that showed his short, strong teeth and made his blue eyes twinkle pleasantly; then returning to the hatchway he called down,—
- "Ho, Alden! You're wanted, man, and so is Gilbert Winslow."
- "He's not here, then," responded a heavier voice, as a splendid young giant swung himself up on deck and ran his fingers through a shock of curling chestnut hair; a glorious youth, six feet and over in his hose of hodden gray, with the shoulders and sinews of an athlete, and the calm, strong face of an Egyptian god.
- "What is it, John?" asked he, fixing his dark eyes upon Howland with the affectionate gladness one reads in the eyes of a dog called to his master's side, but of which few human natures are capable.
- "Why, Jack, thou and I and Gilbert Winslow are appointed squires of dames to some of the women who would fain go ashore to wash clothes, and we are to pack them into yonder boat, row them ashore, and then purvey wood, water, and such like for them."
- "I'd liefer haul out the pinnace," replied Alden with a grimace. "But your will is mine."
- "Nay, the governor's will is thine and mine, and it is he set us this task. Where is Winslow?"
- "In the cabin belike, chatting with Mary Chilton. It's the work he best loves," replied Alden grimly. "But I'll find him."
- "And some of the boys, Jack," suggested Howland, as the younger man turned away. "Bart Allerton and Love Brewster, Giles Hopkins and Crakstone and Cooke, any of the lads that you fall foul of, except the Billingtons, of them I'll have none."

"And why not the Billingtons, worshipful Master Howland, lackey of the governor, and page-boy to his wife," demanded the voice that had interrupted Mistress Hopkins, and turning toward it, Howland confronted a short, square woman, not without a certain vulgar comeliness of her own, although now her buxom complexion was florid with anger and her black eyes snapping angrily, while the arms akimbo, the swaying figure, and raised voice betrayed Helena Billington for precisely what she was, a common scold and shrew. Howland was a brave man; he had already showed both strength and prowess when, washed overboard in a "seel" of the ship, and carried fathoms deep in mid-ocean, he caught the topsail-halvards swept over with him and clung to them until he was rescued in spite of the raging wind and waves that repeatedly dragged him under; nor in the face of savage foe, or savage beast, or peril by land or sea, was John Howland ever known less than the foremost; but now in face of this angry woman he found naught to say, and blushing and stammering and half laughing fairly turned and ran away, springing up the stairs to the elevated deck cabins, in one of which Elder Brewster and his family had their lodging.

Mistress Brewster, a pale, sweet-faced woman, already at fifty-four dressing and behaving as the venerable mother in Israel, came forward to meet him, and smiling indulgently asked,—

"Now what hast thou done to goodwife Billington, thou naughty lad? I hear thy name in her complaint, and indeed all the company can hear it, if they will."

"I did but say I would none of her boys in my party, dear Mistress Brewster, and I hope you'll say so too," replied Howland, uncovering his yellow head. "They are the greatest marplots and scapegraces"—

"Nay, nay, John! Say no evil, or thou'lt make me think thou hast 'scaped grace thyself," suggested the elder's wife with her gentle smile. "And prithee, what is thy party? Are my boys bidden, or must they e'en bide with the Billingtons?"

"The party is your party, dear dame, for the governor sent me to ask your commands upon it, and if Love and Wrestling will give us such aid as their years allow, I shall be most grateful."

And then in simple phrase Howland repeated the governor's instructions, and requested those of the dame, who at once convened an informal council of matrons, and so well advised them that in a scant hour the clumsy boat, rolling and bumping against the side of the brig, was laden with bales of clothing, tubs whose hoops John Alden, a cooper by trade, was hurriedly overlooking, and sundry great brass and copper kettles, household necessities of that epoch, and descending as relics to us who look upon them with respectful wonder as memorial brasses of the "giants of those days."

A flock of women, all demurely and plainly dressed, although the most of them were under thirty years of age, stood waiting at the head of the ladder until the cargo was stored, and Howland, sending his assistants back on deck, planted himself upon the gunwale of the boat, and holding out his hand to a stout, solid-looking woman with a young girl beside her said,—

"Mistress Tilley, you had best come first, for you will be apt at helping the others, as I hand them down. And thou, too, Elizabeth, if thou wilt."

"And Constance Hopkins and Remember Allerton,"

pleaded the girl, lifting a sweet, saucy face to the young man; "we never are separated, for we're all of an age, all going on sixteen you know."

"Hush, Bess, thou'rt malapert," chided her mother, descending heavily into the boat, while a mutinous young voice above called out,—

"Nay, I'm not going. Stepmother won't spare me."

"Now Constance Hopkins, thou naughty hussy, wilt thou grumble at tarrying with me to care for thine own dear sister and brother? Fie on thee, girl!"

"They 're not my own," grumbled Constance in Remember Allerton's ear. "Giles is my own brother and he is to go, and Damaris and Oceanus are but half sister and brother, and she 's but my stepmother."

"Hush, now, or she 'll hear and thou 'lt come by a whipping," whispered Remember hastily, as Dame Hopkins turned from Mistress Winslow who had spoken to her, and came toward the girls. "I'll stay aboard with thee, Constance, and help thee with the babies,"

"Thou 'rt a dear good wench and I love thee," replied Constance in the same tone, and, as the stepmother placed the muffled baby in her arms, she took him without comment, and went below followed by Elizabeth Tilley.

Two trips of the capacious boat sufficed to carry women, clothes, utensils, and assistants across the three quarters of a mile of shallow water lying between the brig and the shore, and the boys who went in the first boat were at once set to work to gather dry stuff from the thickets of scrub oak and pine sparsely clothing the beach, and to build several fires along the margin of a large pool or perhaps pond of fresh water divided from the harbor by a narrow beach of firm white sand. Beach and pond have long since been devoured by the

hungry sea, but stumps of good-sized trees are still dug from the dreary sands environing Provincetown, to show what once has been.

The second boat-load arrived, and by help of Alden's stalwart arm, Howland's cool decision and prompt action, and Winslow's quick eye and ready aid to any woman needing assistance, the apparatus was soon adjusted, and a dozen pairs of strong white arms were plunged in the suds, or throwing the clothes into the great caldrons bubbling over the fires which the boys gayly replenished.

Not all the women of the Mayflower were thus engaged, however, for several were delicate in health, and several others had servants who took this ungentle labor upon themselves; but those who did not labor with their hands felt no superiority, and those who did had no shame in so doing; and although the manners of the day inculcated a certain deference of manner and speech from the lower rank to the higher, and from youth to age, the very fact that every one of these persons had abandoned home and friends and comfort that they might secure liberty, induced a sense of self respect and respect for others, which is the very root and basis of a true republic. Thus Katharine Carver, wife of the governor, daughter of Bishop White, and sister of Robinson, the pastor of the community left behind in Leyden, although she sent her maid Lois, and her man-servant Roger Wilder, to do the required work, came ashore with the rest, and by a touch here and a word there, and her interest and sympathy, took her part in the labor of the whole, and delicate woman and well-born lady though she was, made each of those hard-working sisters feel that it was only her weakness, and not her station, that prevented her doing all that they did.

- "Eleven o' the clock," said John Alden, as the Mayflower's cracked bell told six hoarse strokes. "They said they'd bring our dinner ashore for us," and he looked wistfully toward the ship.
- "Who said?" asked Howland; "for I've more faith in some say-sos than in some others."
- "Well, if I remember, 't was Mistress Molines who told me," replied Alden carefully careless.
- "Oh, ay," assented Howland, his blue eyes twinkling. "But I thought she was ill, poor woman."
- "Nay, I meant Mistress Priscilla Molines," retorted the giant, blushing. "She said somewhat to me of an onion soup which she flavors marvelously well."
- "Ah, yes, onion soup," retorted Howland gravely.
 "Methought it must be some such moving theme you discussed yester even as you sat on the cable. I noted even at that distance the tears in your eyes."
- "And if there were tears in mine eyes it is no matter of mocking, for Mistress Priscilla was telling me that her mother is sick as she fears unto death, and"—
- "John Howland, the boat is coming off with the rest of our company and noon-meat for us all. Wilt thou and John Alden receive and help them ashore, while Gilbert helps us to make ready here?"
- "Surely we will, Mistress Carver," replied Howland heartily, for his relationship toward the governor and his beautiful wife was rather that of a younger brother than of a retainer; and although the smallness of his fortune had induced him to accept the patronage of the older and wealthier man, it was much as a lad of noble lineage was content a few years before this to become first the page and then the squire of a belted knight.

The boat, unable to reach the shore on account of the

flatness of the beach, stuck fast about a bow-shot from dry land, and the men and boys at once tumbled over the edge and prepared to carry not only the luggage, but the female passengers ashore. Alden seeing this prospect, tore off his boots and stockings, and plunging into the chill water hastened to the stern of the boat where a slender, vivacious girl, brown, dark-eyed, and with cheeks glowing with the dusky richness of a peach, stood balancing herself like a bird and giving orders to a young man already in the water.

"Now have a care, Robert Cartier, of that kettle. If thou spillst the soup"—

"The onion soup, Mistress Priscilla?" asked Alden approaching unperceived. Priscilla cast a look at him from the corners of her long eyes, and replied carelessly,—

"Yes, Master Alden, an onion soup. Is that a favorite dish with your worship?"

"Why, thou knowest," — began the young man with an air of bewilderment, but Priscilla interrupted him.

"Since thou art here with thy broad shoulders, John Alden, thou wilt do well to make them of use. There is Mistress Allerton struggling with a hamper beyond her strength, and there are bales of clothes that must not be wet. Load thyself, good mule, and plod shoreward."

"To be sure I will and gladly, fair mistress," replied Alden patiently. "But first let me take thee ashore dryshod, and then I will bring all the rest."

"Beshrew thee for a modest youth," retorted Priscilla, the peach color of her cheeks deepening to pomegranate; "when I go ashore I will convey myself, or my brother will carry me; and thou, since thou art so picksome, may set thyself to work, and ask naught of me."

"But why art thou so tart when I meant naught,"

began Alden, bewildered; but again the girl cut him short with a stinging little laugh.

"Thou never meanest aught, poor John; but I have no time to waste with thee. Here, Robert, these come next, and take Mistress Allerton's hamper as well."

"Nay, that is for me," growled Alden, seizing the basket from the hands of the astonished servant who relinquished it with a stare and a muttered exclamation in French; for William Molines, called Mullins by the Pilgrims, his wife, son, daughter, and servant were all of the French Huguenots, who fleeing from their native land planted a colony upon the river Waal in Holland, and were at this time known as Walloons. Learning enough of Dutch to carry on the business of daily life, and of English to communicate with their co-religionists of the Pilgrim church in Leyden, they retained French as the dear home language of their birth, and the young people, like Priscilla and her brother Joseph, used the three languages with equal facility.

A little offended and a good deal puzzled by the change in Priscilla's manner since their last interview, Alden devoted himself to unloading the boat without again addressing her, until he saw her confide herself to the arms of her brother to be taken ashore; then seizing an armful of parcels, he strode along close behind the slender stripling whose thews and sinews were obviously unequal to his courage, and who floundered painfully over the uneven sands. At last he stumbled, recovered himself, plunged wildly forward, and fell flat upon his face, while his sister, suddenly seized and held aloft in two strong arms, did not so much as wet the hem of her garment, until with a few swift strides her rescuer set her on dry land and turned to help the boy

who came floundering after them with a rueful and angry countenance.

"'T was all thy fault, Priscilla," began he. "Twisting and squirming to see who was coming after us."

"Nay, 't was the fault of some great monster who came trampling on our heels, and making the water wash round my feet. Some whale or griffin belike, though he has hid himself again," and the girl affected to shade her eyes and scan the sparkling waters, while Alden strode moodily away. Priscilla glanced after his retreating figure, and spoke again to her brother in a voice whose cooing softness poor John had never heard.

"Thou poor dripping lad! And such a cough as thou hast already! Come with me sweetheart, and I'll set thee between two fires, and put my duffle cloak about thee, and heat some soup scalding hot. I would I had a sup of strong waters for thee — ah yes, I see!"

And hurriedly leading her brother to a sheltered nook between two great fires, she cast her cloak over his shoulders, and then sprang up the sand-hill with the graceful strength of an antelope to the spot where Doctor Fuller stood talking with a man whose appearance demands a word of description. Short and square built, the figure bespoke strength and long training in athletic exercises, while the haughty set of the head, the wellshaped hands and feet, and the clear cut of the features told of gentle blood and the habit of predominance. The bare head was covered with thick chestnut hair, worn at the temples by pressure of a steel cap, and well matched in color by eyes whose strong, stern glances carried defeat to the hearts of his savage foes even before his quick blows fell. The mouth, firmly closed beneath its drooping moustache, was like the eyes, stern

and terrible in anger, but like them it was capable of a winning sweetness and charm only known to those he loved, those he pitied, and to the life-long friends whose loving description has come down to us; for this was Myles Standish, the soldier and hero of the Pilgrims; their dauntless defender in battle, their gentle nurse in illness, their councilor and envoy and shining example in peace; the right arm of the colony, its modest commander, and its intelligent servant.

As Priscilla approached, the two men ceased their conversation and turned toward her, neither of them unconscious of the beauty, grace, and vigor which clothed her as a garment, yet each restrained by inborn chivalry and respect from expressing his opinion.

"Oh, Doctor, or you, Captain Standish, have either of you a flask of strong waters about you? My poor Joseph has fallen in the water, and it is so cold, and he has already a cough."

"Yes, we saw him fall. He was overloaded for such a stripling," said the doctor, with his dry smile, while Standish, hastily pulling a flask from his pocket, said,—

"Here is some well-approved Hollands gin, Mistress Priscilla; and I would advise a good draught as soon as may be, and have it heated if it may be."

"Here, hand it me. I will go and give my friend Joseph a rating for undertaking tasks beyond his strength, though belike the fault was none of his!" And the doctor seizing the flask strode down the hill, while Priscilla lingered to ask,—

"How doth Mistress Standish find herself to-day? I heard she was but poorly."

"Ay, poorly enough," replied the Captain with a shadow chasing the smile from his eyes. "She is hardly

strong enough for these shrewd winds and rough adventures. I had done better to leave her in England until we'are established somewhere."

- "There's more than one in our company, I fear me, that has adventured beyond their strength," replied Priscilla sadly, as she remembered her mother's hectic flush and wasting strength and her brother's cough.
- "A forlorn hope, perhaps, set to garrison this by-corner of the world, but not forgotten by the Commander-in-chief, remember that, maid Priscilla," said the captain kindly and cheerily. "There in the Low Countries our worst trouble was that the home government never backed us as they should, and more than once we felt we were forgot and neglected; but in the warfare we have to wage here in the wilderness we can never fear that."
- "Yet soldiers may die at their post here as well as there," said Priscilla, turning to go down the hill.
- "So long as the work is done it matters little what becomes of the soldier," replied Myles briefly, and the two rejoined the group around the fires.

Before nightfall the clothes, dried and sweet with the sunshine and pure air, were carefully folded into the tubs and kettles, the dinner was neatly cleared away, and the whole company in several trips of the boats conveyed on board, while the carpenters and their volunteer aids remained to work while daylight lasted upon the pinnace, the Pilgrims' own craft, intended for exploration along the shore, and for fishing when they should have made a settlement.

But Joseph Molines had not shaken off his chill by means of the captain's Hollands gin, nor did his mother or Rose Standish find themselves better in the evening than they had been in the morning, and as the darkness of the November night closed around the lonely bark, gaunt shadowy forms, Disease and Famine and Death, seemed shaping themselves among the clouds and brooding menacingly over the Forlorn Hope, as its soldiers slept or watched beneath.

CHAPTER II.

THE LAUNCH OF THE PINNACE.

- "MARY! Mary Chilton! Maid Mary mine!" called Priscilla Molines in her clear bird-voice, as she ran down the steps leading to the principal cabin. "Come on deck and see the launch of the pinnace! The carpenters call her fit for use if not finished, and the men have gone ashore to launch her. Where art thou, poppet!"
- "Here," replied a gentler and sweeter voice, as Mary Chilton came forward, a long gray stocking dangling from her hands, and stood in a slant ray of sunshine which lighted her golden hair to a glory, and showed the pure tints of her May-bloom face and clear blue eyes; a lovely English face in its first fresh rapture of morning beauty.
- "Right merrily will I come, Priscilla, if there be aughtto see," continued she, throwing down the stocking which she was knitting for her father. "Truly my eyes ache with staring at nothingness."
- "Well, there's a trifle this side of nothingness on the beach at this minute," retorted Priscilla, pinching her friend's ear. "Men call it Gilbert Winslow."
- "Hush, hush, Priscilla!" whispered Mary, with a scared look toward her mother's cabin. "If anybody heard such folly! And Mistress White already tells my mother that we two are over-light in our carriage and conversation."

"Mistress White" — began Priscilla sharply, but ended the exclamation with a saucy laugh and said instead, "Yes, truly as thou sayest, my May, mine eyes ache with gazing upon nothingness and my tongue aches with speaking naught but wisdom. It is out of nature for young maids to be as staid as their elders, and methinks I do not care to be. Let us be young while we have youth, say I."

She looked perilously pretty as she arched her brows and pouted her ripe lips, and Mary looked at her in loving admiration, while she answered sagely, —

"You and yours are French, Priscilla, and I am all English like my forbears; so thou mayst well be lighter natured than I — I mean no harm, dear."

"No harm is done, dear mother in Israel," replied Priscilla half mockingly, and seizing Mary's hand she led her on deck, where many of the women and children were collected, watching the preparations on shore for the launch of the pinnace, which, much strained by bad stowage between decks, had needed about a fortnight's work done upon her before she was fit for service.

"They only wait for her to set forth on a second exploration," said Priscilla confidentially; "and a little bird sang in my ear that they would go to-morrow."

"What little bird?" asked Mary curiously; but before Priscilla could reply another voice interposed; it was that of Bridget Tilley, who had come on deck to seek her daughter Elizabeth, and now sharply inquired,—

"Another expedition, say you? And my goodman scarce brought back from death's door, whither the first jaunt led him! Nay, now, 't is not right, 't is all one as murder, to hale dying men out of their beds and into that wilderness. No blessing will follow such work, and

I'll cry upon the governor or the captain or the elder to stop it!"

"What is it, Mistress Tilley? Any wrong that I can help set right?" asked a sweet voice, and Bridget turned toward the speaker with a somewhat more subdued manner, lowering her voice as she said, —

"Thank you kindly, Mistress Standish, and God be praised that you can be on deck; but my matter is this," and again she poured out her anxieties and her fears, until Rose Standish, a fair white rose now, and trembling in the shrewd autumn air so soon to scatter her petals and bear the pure fragrance of her life down through the centuries, until men to-day love her whom they never knew, leaned wearily against the bulkhead and said,—

"Rest easy, dear dame. Thou'rt all in the right, and it behooves us to protect our lords from their own rash courage, just as it befits their courage to protect us against salvages and wild beasts. I will whisper in my husband's ear that Master Tilley is all unfit to carry out his own brave impulses, and I will conspire with Mistress Carver and Mistress Bradford, and, above all, with our dear mother, the elder's wife, that each shall make petition to her lord to see that no sick or overborne man be allowed to adventure himself on the expedition. Will that satisfy thee, dame?"

"Right well, and you are all one with the saints we used to honor, though we do know better now."

"'T is the most comfortable promise I've heard in many a day, dear Mistress Standish," cried Priscilla vivaciously. "And well do I believe that the whispers of the wives are more weighty than the shouts of the husbands. I've never proved it myself, being but a

maid; yet I have ere now marked how the prancing of the noblest steed is full deftly checked by a silken rein."

"It were well if a rein were put upon thy tongue, girl," severely interposed a comely matron sitting near. "Thou'rt over forward for thy years, Priscilla. Shame-fastness and meekness become a maid, and when thou knowest more thou'lt say less."

"Thanks, Mistress White, I will try to profit by your discourse," replied Priscilla demurely; but her tone did not satisfy the matron, who sharply rejoined,—

"See that thou do, Mistress Malapert, or I'll ask the elder to deal with thee. Here he is now."

And, in fact, Elder Brewster, who had caught the tone of Mistress White's voice, drew near to the group, saying pleasantly, "A goodly sight yonder, is it not? And how well our strong fellows set their shoulders to the toil! What shall we call the pinnace when she is launched, Mistress White?"

"Methinks Discretion would be a good name, Elder," replied the lady with a glance at the two girls. "Surely, we have room for it in our company."

"Truth, my daughter, and yet to my mind Charity is a sweeter name, and one more likely to float us over troubled waters." And the elder's pleasant smile disarmed his words of all sting. "Priscilla," continued he, turning to the girl, "I hear that thy father keeps his bed to-day, and thy mother is but poorly."

"Indeed, sir, they are both in evil case," replied Priscilla sadly. "Neither of them has stomach for such food as is at hand, and so they weaken daily. John Alden shot some little birds yesterday, and I made broth of them, but, saving that, my mother has taken no meat for days."

"I will go and visit them," said the elder, and forgetting the launch he had come up to see, he went at once.

"See! See! There she goes!" cried Elizabeth Tilley, as the great boat slid gracefully down her ways to the water, dipped her bows deeply, and finding her level rode upon an even keel.

"There she goes!" echoed Constance Hopkins and Remember Allerton, who with Elizabeth Tilley constituted what may be called the rosebud division of the Pilgrim girls, all glowing in the freshness of early youth, all comely, strong, and vivacious. Priscilla Molines and Mary Chilton with Desire Minter, a distant relative and charge of Governor Carver's, made another little group of older girls, and then came the young matrons of whom there were many, while Mistress Brewster in the dignity of middle life was the recognized head and guide of all.

"Yes, there she goes," cried Priscilla, clapping her hands and dancing upon her slender feet. "And Mary," continued she, dropping her voice to a whisper, "it was Captain Standish who gave that last mighty shove"—

"Nay, it was John Alden," interrupted Mary innocently.

"I tell thee, girl, it was the captain. John Alden is ever at his elbow and striving to imitate him, but our captain is still the leader, and I do honour a man who can think as well as do, and act as well as talk. Of talkers we have enow, the dear knows; Master Winslow and Master Allerton can so argue that they would force you to swear black was white and the moon a good Dutch cheese an they chose, and they can lay out work marvelously well for others to carry out, but I mark that their own hands abide in their pockets for the most part. Then there are plenty of strong arms with

no head-pieces, like John Alden and your good friend Gilbert Winslow and John Howland and "---

"Nay, nay, Priscilla, thou shalt not wrong good men so," interrupted Mary, her fair face coloring a little. "The leaders are must lead, and the younger and simpler are must follow in every community, and I mark not that those you flout for speaking so well fail of their share in the labor, nor do I think John Alden or the rest would do well to thrust their advice upon their betters. At all rates, you boat had not slid down so merrily if John Alden had not put his shoulder to the work."

"Yea, put his shoulder where the captain laid his hand," retorted Priscilla with her mocking laugh, and then putting her arm around Mary's shoulders, she added affectionately,—

"What a wise little woman thou art, ever looking at both sides of the matter while I see but one! And in truth, perhaps, it is better that there be these varied excellences, so that all comers may be suited, just as thou art fond of porridge while I would liefer have soup."

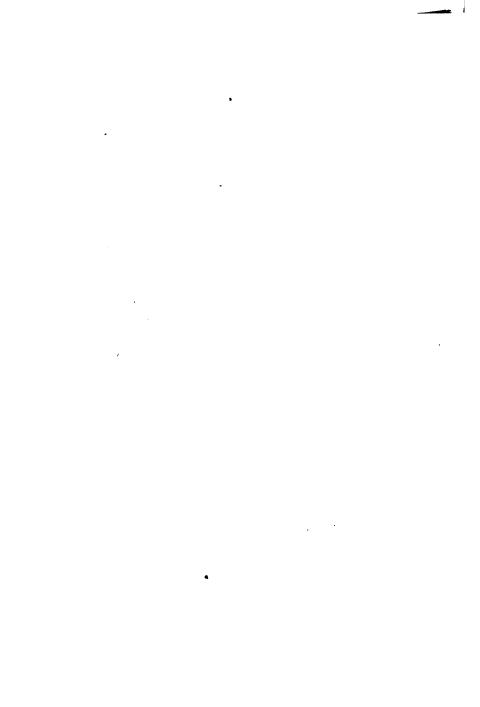
"And art a rare hand at compounding it," replied Mary admiringly. "How Desire Minter smacked her lips over the dish thou gavest her the other day."

"That poor Desirée, as my gossip Jeanne De la Noye used to call her! I like well to give her some tasty bit, for it makes her so happy at so little trouble to myself, since I am ever cooking."

"Dost thou really like cooking, Priscilla; or dost thou do it because thou ought, as I do?" asked Mary, who hated the culinary art, and yet was called upon to practice it, as were all young women of the day.

"Oh, I love it," replied Priscilla, with enthusiasm.

"What a wise little woman thou art"





NO VIVI

ARREST (A)

"My mother and my grandmother and all my aunts were notable cooks, and in the good old days in France before I was born, they say my grandmother's patés and conserves and ragouts were famous all through Lyons, where my grandfather and his father before him were great silk manufacturers with plenty of men and maids and money at their command."

"Ah, Priscilla, thou'rt hankering after the flesh-pots again! Remember Lot's wife!" and Mary laughed, but gently stole a hand into that of Priscilla, who pressed it tenderly as she replied,—

"Lot's wife spoiled all her cookery with salt, and I'll at least distill none from mine own eyes. How shall I make Robert Cartier know that I want him to come aboard and help me with my father's supper?"

"Beckon to John Alden to send him," retorted Mary promptly. Priscilla turned and fixed her long dark eyes in mock bewilderment upon the other's face.

"And why is it easier to beckon to John Alden than to Robert Cartier, thou foolish girl?" asked she.

"Because Robert is only thy father's servant, and John is thine own and ever waiting thy command," replied Mary demurely, and Priscilla's rich color mounted to her brow as she laughingly retorted,—

"Now, maid Mary, that quip was more like me than thee, and I'll have none of it. 'T is for thee to carry the honey-bag to mollify the stings my naughty tongue must aye inflict. I would I were not so waspish, Mary mine!"

"Thou 'rt naught but what is dear and lovely, and I care for thee beyond any man that ever walked, saving my father," cried Mary, pressing close to her friend's side.

"Then will I be jealous of Master Chilton," murmured Priscilla, the teasing mood again rising to the surface. "For I'll have no rival in thy heart, save only Gilbert Winslow, whom I hope not to oust."

"See, there is John Alden steadfastly regarding us," cried Mary, a little annoyed. "Point thy finger at Robert as he stands staring at the boat, and then beckon. My word for it, John will read the signal aright."

"Why, then, so be it, and if Dame White sees me I'll swear 't was thee, Mary," and Priscilla half proudly, half shyly made the signal, which was at once understood and acted upon by Alden, who, truth to tell, seldom lost sight of Priscilla when in her company. Cartier receiving the message waded after a boat just leaving the beach, and came aboard dripping wet, an imprudence so common among the younger men of the Pilgrims on that flat coast as to become a serious factor in the terrible mortality which was to sweep off half their number within a few months.

CHAPTER III.

THE SWORD OF STANDISH.

THE "little bird," probably John Alden, constant companion of Standish, had sung truly in Priscilla's ear of a second exploring party about to leave the Mayflower in quest of a favorable site for the town and colony the Pilgrims had come forth to found.

To this step they were urged not only by their own wishes, but by the importunities of Captain Jones, who having obeyed his Dutch employers and brought his passengers to a point well removed from the Virginian or Manhattan shores whereon they intended to land, was now only desirous to put them ashore almost anywhere, and make sail for England while the winter storms held off and his provisions lasted. His own interest, therefore, made him zealous in the Pilgrims' service, and so heartily had he offered his men, boats, and provisions for the expedition that the Pilgrims had made him its leader, some of them still believing in his honesty and friendliness, and some others feeling that the surest way to effect their plans was to induce the surly commander to make them his own. The event proved their shrewdness, for Jones accepted the appointment with great satisfaction, and told off ten of his best seamen to add to the four-andtwenty sound men who were nearly all that the Pilgrims could muster, since, thanks to the secret councils of Rose Standish and her associates, all sick or weakly candidates were weeded out from the volunteers, and the Tilley

brothers, William Molines, James Chilton, William White, and several others were kindly bidden to remain on board and nurse their strength for the next expedition.

About noon the tide serving, the four-and-thirty adventurers, divided between the ship's long-boat and their own pinnace, took the sea in teeth of a freezing northeasterly gale, and under low-lying clouds whose gray bosoms teemed with snow and sleet.

Thomas English, a mariner engaged as master of the shallop, held the helm, while as many willing hands as could grasp the oars pulled lustily in the direction of what is now called the Pamet River, a stream discovered some days previously by a foot expedition under charge of Standish, and considered as a possible seat for their colony. The crowded state of the boats and the head wind rendered the sails useless, and oars proved inefficient to propel so large a boat as the pinnace, while the sea, rapidly rising with the rising wind, broke so dangerously over the quarter that English refused to proceed, and it was hastily resolved to run into what is now called East Harbor, land the passengers, and allow the long-boat to return to the ship, while the pinnace lay to until the gale moderated. This was done, but owing to the shoals, the men were obliged to wade kneedeep to reach land, and the cold was now so intense that their clothes froze upon them as they resumed their journey on foot. Well may we believe what William Bradford later said: "Some of our people who are dead took the original of their death on that day."

Marching six or seven miles on foot, the party encamped, building a barricade, or as they called it a "randevous," of pine boughs to protect them from savage

beasts or men, and within it kindling a fire beside which they sat down to eat such provisions as they had brought, and to solace themselves with modest draughts of the strong waters they used but not abused.

The next day the exploration was continued both by sea and land, the hardy adventurers marching through snow six inches deep, or upon the loose sands of the beach where the wind flogged them with lashes of icy spray and stinging shards. In passing through a belt of woods traces of human presence were to be seen, especially certain young trees bent down and their tops made fast to the earth. Stepping aside to examine one of these, William Bradford suddenly found his leg inclosed in a noose, while the tree, released and springing upward, would have carried him ignominiously with it had not he seized the trunk of another sapling, and lustily shouted for help. His comrades came running back, and not without laughter and some grim pleasantries released him. Stephen Hopkins alone understood the trap, and cutting from it a piece of smooth fine cord twisted of wood fibres handed it to Bradford, saying, -

"Here, man, keep it by way of horn-book to teach thee wood-lore in these salvage countries. It is the moral of what we used to see among the Bermoothes some ten years gone by. Ay, and the traps too. I've seen many a wild thing, deer or what not, jerked up by the leg and hanging from a tree like Absalom, until its master came along to cut its throat and dress it, as it hung."

"Glad am I that no such master came to release me," said Bradford laughing ruefully as he rubbed his leg and limped along.

"So thou wert in the Bermudas, Hopkins?" asked

Standish who was of the walking party; "wast buccaneering?"

"Nay, Captain, all men do not follow thy trade," replied Hopkins with his boisterous laugh. "Mine was quite another office, for I was lay-reader to Parson Buck, and he was chaplain to Gates who was to be governor of a Virginia colony an'he could have reached it. But like our own adventure it miscarried, and we were wrecked on the Bermoothes. We abode there six months, and the Indians showed us how to trap deer just as Bradford was trapped but now, ho, ho!"

"Lay-reader wast thou?" asked Standish surveying the burly veteran with whimsical interest. "Well, now, I'd never take thee for a parson's lieutenant, Hopkins! I can hardly fancy thee meek and mild with bands under that unkempt beard, and a gown over thy buff jacket. Wert meek and mild in those days, Hopkins, and thy tongue, was 't innocent of strange oaths?"

"A truce to thy jibes, master Captain," retorted Hopkins not half pleased at receiving the jests he so freely offered. "If thou didst but know, my voice was more for war than peace, sith it seemed to me then even as it did before we landed here, that an expedition gone astray is an expedition ended, and that all compacts cease when their conditions cannot be fulfilled. We shipped to go to Virginia, and Gates was to be our governor; well and good, but here we were wrecked on Bermuda, and my rede was that every man was thus released from his promises and free to set forth anew for himself."

"So! Yonder threatening on the Mayflower was not thy first experience in raising sedition and discontent, and trying to turn a God-fearing community into a nest of pirates!" exclaimed Standish scornfully. "Well, what came of it in that instance?"

"Why, Gates called a court-martial, tried me for treason by an authority I denied, and sentenced me to death."

"Ay, and what then?"

"Then Parson Buck who could ill spare me, since I writ half his discourses, and the admiral who would not see murder done under cloak of law, they went to Gates and so wrought upon his temper that he set me free and bade me begone, and I went right merrily."

"Thou mindst me of an officer under me, down there by Utrecht," said Standish meditatively. "He, too, was for setting up every man for himself in the plunder of a village we had taken, and I had given orders about."

"And what became of him?" asked Hopkins, as the captain seemed to have finished.

"Oh, there was no parson just there to make use of him, and no admiral to judge about my authority, and he was shot," replied Standish quietly. Hopkins scowled and laid his hand upon his sword hilt, but Bradford, who had listened with both interest and amusement to the conversation, deftly interposed with some question about the route, and Hopkins, who prided himself upon his wood-lore, took the lead, and conducted the party by the easiest route to the spot where they would rejoin their brethren of the boat.

The Pamet River, reached at length, proved unsatisfactory for a settlement, but at its mouth were found sundry matters of interest,—the remains of a palisade formed apparently by civilized hands, the ruins of a loghut, quite different from the wigwams of the savages, and a large mound which when opened proved full of Indian corn, some shelled, some on the ear, the yellow kernels variegated with red and blue ones, like the maize still grown in that vicinity. The snow upon the ground would have concealed this "barn," as rustic John Rigdale called it, had not the previous expedition noted and marked it, and the ground was so hard frozen that it must be hewed with the stout cutlasses and axes of the Pilgrims, and the clods pried up with levers. Standish drew his sword with the rest, but after watching for a moment thrust it back into the sheath, saying to Alden who as usual was close beside him, —

"Nay, I'll none of it! What mine own thews and sinews may compass, I'll undertake right joyfully, but I'll never ask Gideon to risk his edge or his backbone in such rude labors as yon. Every man to his trade, and these are the sappers and miners with whom he has no concern."

"Is Gideon the name of your sword then, Master?" asked Alden half timidly, for Standish had the habit of command and was impatient of much questioning.

Alden however was a favorite, and the captain, like a lover, was won by the admiring glance the young man threw at the sword, as its owner unsheathed it and laid the blade fondly across his palm.

"Why ay," replied he smiling down at it, "I have christened him so; but methinks, like other converts, he finds the new name sit uneasily at times, and would fain hear the old one."

" And what might that be?"

"Ah, that is what no man alive can tell. He who forged it of that rare metal which now and again falls

from the skies, and he who first wielded and named it, have lain in the dust well nigh a thousand years, if old tales be true."

"A thousand years! But what is its story, — if you will tell it, Master Standish?" and the young man's face grew bright with excitement as he glanced from the soldier's face to the blade glittering across his palm, and seeming to laugh in the wintry sunshine.

"Well, it was an old armorer in Ghent for whom I had done some service in protecting his daughter and saving some mails which my men would have plundered, and the old man was more grateful than need be, and came one night to my lodgings bringing this sword wrapped in his mantle, to offer me as a gift, for he said he would not sell it, valuing it above all price."

"And still you would have him take a price," suggested Alden exultantly, but Standish answered gently,—

"Nay, John, that is but poor pride that cannot allow another to be its benefactor. I took the old man's gift and thanked him heartily. Later on, as chance befell, I did him a good turn in a contract for arms, while he knew it not. But that is beside the matter, which is the sword. He told me, that old man did, a story fit to set in the ancient romaunts of chivalry, how he as a young fellow full of heart and lustihood went out to fight the Turks or some other heathen of those parts, and was a prisoner, and a lady loved him and he loved her not, having a sweetheart waiting for him at home. And she had a noble heart and forgave him his despite, and set him free at risk of her own life, nor gave him freedom only, but a purse of gold and this sword, which she averred had been captured from the Persian people

hundreds of years before, and was a true Damascus blade forged from meteor iron, and of the curious tempering now forgotten. And she said, moreover, that there was a charm upon it that made him who carried it invincible and scathless, and she, poor maid, had robbed her father's house of this great treasure, and brought it to him who loved another woman better than her, and so with tears and smiles she gave it over, and he for very ruth gave her a tender kiss, and thus they parted."

"Nay, I pity her not. She was overbold to offer her love before it had been asked," said Alden hastily.

"Ah, boy, thou'rt in all the hardness of thy callow youth, and nought's more hard. Wait some fifteen years till thou comest to my age, and thou'lt pity the poor heathen maid as I do to-day. Well, my armorer took the sword and played it some forty years or more, and then, too old to wield arms, he took to dealing in them, but never sold this, for it had proved all that the lady claimed for it, and had slain his enemies, and fended his friends, and saved his own head more times than he could number, and now he gave it to me who had, he said, saved more than his life."

"And these outlandish signs and marks upon the blade?" asked Alden, peering down at the sword.

"There, now, thou callest for another tale," replied Standish smiling good-naturedly. "But as they seem to need us not in disemboweling you granary, and here we are guard against surprise from whoever may rightly own the treasure and come to claim it, I will e'en tell thee the rest.

"Thou knowest Pastor Robinson of Leyden, though thou wast never out of England thyself?" "I know his fame as a pious teacher and a learned man, well beloved of his people."

"Beloved? Ay, none more so," exclaimed Standish "I ever wished I might see him in some great peril and prove my love by cutting down a round dozen of his foes. And learned! Why, man, he disputed with the most learned among their Dutch scholars openly in the big church, and left them not a leg to stand on, or a tongue to wag. Why, 't is no more to him to read Hebrew than for me to spell out my Bible. So then, knowing his learning and his love of all that is old and curious, I one day showed him my sword and asked if he could rede me fairly the mystical texts or whatever they might be upon the blade. But mind thee I said naught to him of any charm or amulet about it, lest I might wound his conscience, which is tender as a maid's. Thou shouldst have seen the dear old man, barnacles on nose, peering and peeping and muttering over the queer device, all at one as he were a wizard himself and working some spell. But at the last he heaved a mighty sigh, and gave me back the sword saying, nay, he could not make out more than that there were two legends in two different tongues and by different hands, and that the effigies of the sun and moon and stars pointed, he feared, to idolatrous emblems, and were not such as a Christian man might safely deal withal. So I asked him would it be better should I have the Holy Rood wrought above them as did the Crusaders of old, and beshrew me, but this device seemed to please him less than the other."

"Nay, our teachers like not the look of the Cross, nor use it as our fathers used. It savoreth of Popery, they

say," interposed Alden glancing at the captain's face for sure approval, but to his surprise he saw it overcast and frowning.

"Thou knowest," replied he a little haughtily, "that I am not of the Separatist Church, nor agree in all its teachings. The Standishes were ever good Catholics, since they came over from Normandy with William the Baseborn, and if I hold not to the religion of my fathers I accept no other, nor can I ever esteem lightly those things my mother venerated."

The younger man, perplexed and mortified, remained silent, but in a moment Standish smiled and resumed his story.

"So, Pastor Robinson confessed his own want of skill, as so wise a man need not shame to do, but told me of a certain aged scholar in Amsterdam, well versed in Eastern lore, and able, if any man alive could do it, to rede me the riddle aright, and he wrote down his name and lodging and a line to recommend me to his kindly attention, and so gave me fair good-night.

"Not long after, my occasions called me to Amsterdam, and be sure I took the time to find the old ancient scholar, a queer, dried-up graybeard, with skin like the parchment covers of his folios; but he gave me courteous welcome, and I laid the sword upon the table under his nose. Faith, John, I thought that same nose would grow to my blade, for a good half hour passed away, or ever he stirred or spoke. Then he looked askance at me and said.—

"' How old art thou in very truth?"

"I told him some thirty years, and he stared and stared until had he been a young man and a soldier I had asked him his intent. But as it was, I did but "I thought that same nose would grow to my blade"

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TO VIVIL AMMORIJA) stare back again, until at the last his parchment cheeks creased and crackled in what may have been meant for a smile, and he said, —

- "'Thou mightst have been a score of thirties if thou hadst been born when this blade was forged.'
- "'And why?' asked I, wondering if Pastor Robinson could have known the man was an old wizard.
- "'Because there's that on this blade would have kept thee from all harm if thou hadst made it thine own,' said he, tapping that circle."

And turning the blade, Standish showed upon the reverse from the sun, moon, and stars, an ornamented medallion close to the hilt, containing certain cabalistic signs and marks. Below this was an inscription of several lines in totally different characters.¹

- "And that is a charm to keep a man alive?" asked Alden with bated breath and eager eyes.
- "So that old man said," replied Standish, "but I concern myself little with such matters, having ever found my own right. arm enough to keep my head, and the grace of God better than any heathen charm."
 - "And did he read it, and the rest?" pursued Alden.
- "Yes, he read it, or at the least he muttered something in some outlandish gibberish," replied the captain, laughing a little shamefacedly. "And he told me its meaning, partly in Latin, for we spoke together in that tongue, but I am such a dullard that I forgot the words as soon as he spoke them, and so asked him to write them down. Then he fell a pondering again, and said like the pastor, that the two inscriptions differed in every way, and he must muse awhile and look in his books before he could
- ¹ This sword may still be seen in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, Massachusetts.

read them fairly, and he asked me to leave the sword with him. So seeing him so venerable and honorable a man I consented, although not willingly, and went my way. The next morning I sought him again not certain but that in the night he and my sword and the charm had all flown out of window together and gone to join the Witch of Endor. But no, there he sat, and the sword before him, as if they never had stirred since I left. And the old man gave me a bit of parchment covered with crabbed Latin script, and told me I should find therein the sense of my two inscriptions, though there were words even he could not decipher. So I put the parchment in my pouch, and reached my hand to the sword, when he withheld it and said,—

"'This charm avails nothing for thee, my son, because it was not framed for thee, nor dost thou swear by the powers therein invoked; but I can frame one that will avail, and will protect thee from any weapon raised against thee. I have learned somewhat I never knew, in studying thy sword, and I would fain repay thee in kind.'

"Now lad, as he spoke, a certain terror seized me lest I should be found dabbling in the black art, and I said, with more than enough vehemence, that I wanted no charm, nor did I fear mortal weapon or mortal foe, for in God was my trust, and He was able to hold me scathless, or to take me when He would. And then, John, a fancy seized me, a foolish fancy of romance perhaps, but still I mind not thy knowing, so thou'lt not babble of it to others. I asked the old man could he put what I had just said into the same tongue with that heathen charm, and so shape it that I could have it carved upon my blade above the sun and moon and

stars, which those Persian idolaters worship and had graved there almost as idols. And he smiled again in that grewsome fashion of his, and said ay he could do that much, and that as three possessors had already put invocations to their gods upon the blade it was but fit I should do so in my turn.

"I liked not the quip, nor the evening of a Christian man's belief to idolatrous worship, but yet the idea of the Christian charm, if one might call it so, had taken fast possession of my mind, and I felt as though it were snatching the good blade from the powers of heathenesse and giving it to God. So I put what I would say in few words, and the old man wrought upon it till he had it to his mind, and at the last took a pencil dipped in some wizard's ink or other and drew these signs upon the sword as you see them, bidding me take it to an armorer and have them cut in just as they stood. So I did, choosing, you may be sure, the armorer who had given me the sword, and showing him, as I have you, that this is no heathen charm, but the sign of a Christian man's faith."

"And what do they mean, all three of them?" asked Alden reverently. "I see the figures 1149 graved clearly enough, but what mean the other two rows?"

"My lad, thou seest wrong. The 1 and 4 and 9 are but symbols of letters not there set down, and the whole, partly from that same foolish fancy I told thee of, and partly because the old scholar bade me never tell it lest some other man should steal his learning, and partly because Gideon hath kept the first secret so many years that I feel like trusting him with another, for all these reasons I promised myself and the scholar and Gideon that I would never tell the thing to mortal man, nor even

the rendering of the other devices; and lest I should be tempted to forego my word, sith I claim to be no stronger than Samson, or lest some one should surprise the secret unawares, I cut the piece of parchment in two pieces, and handed them back to the old scholar, who disguised not his huge content thereat. So thou seest, John, two of the three inscriptions I could not unravel to thee if I would, and of the third thou wilt not ask me, since it is guarded by a promise."

"Surely, Master, it is not I who would ask you to break it," said John simply. "But the name of Gideon?"

"Didst never read of Gideon in Holy Writ, John? A mighty soldier before the Lord who hewed down his father's idol-grove and came out from among his own people and carved his own way in the world. Ever as I read his story, I mind me of a man I knew in Lancashire who went to the house of his fathers to claim what was his own, and when he gat it not, he threw down the idols he had been trained to worship, and shook off the dust of that idol-grove where Mammon and Rank and the world's opinion were set up as gods, and went out into the world to hew out his own fortunes by the might of his own right arm, and his trust in the God of Israel. So now, John Alden, thou knowest more about my good sword than any man alive, for I doubt me if the scholar remembereth, and the armorer is dead. And when we go into battle, if such good luck await us, and thou hearest me cry, The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon! thou 'It know my meaning."

CHAPTER IV.

THE LILIES OF FRANCE.

"Ho Captain Standish, thou'rt wanted here!" cried the coarse voice of Thomas Jones as the two men approached the group gathered about the corn heap. "Come hither and teach these gentle maids the usages of war. They speak forsooth of making payment to these unbreeched salvages for the corn we are taking from this hole in the ground. Was it the way of your bold fellows in Flanders to make payment to the Spaniards if you surprised and sacked their camp?"

"The Spaniards were our declared enemies," replied Standish coldly; "and not only their gear but their lives were ours if we could take them, and so were ours theirs an' they approved themselves the better men. But here it is not so; we have no quarrel as yet with the salvages, nor is it wise to provoke one. We are but a handful, and they in their own country of unknown strength. Besides, why should we harm those who have done us no wrong? Is it not wiser to make friends and allies if we may? So Master Jones you must e'en rank me with the gentle maids who speak for honesty and justice in this matter."

"As you will, it is no concern of mine," retorted Jones with a surly laugh; "but never before did I sail in such saintly company, or find bearded men with swords at their sides carrying themselves like milk-fed babes."

"And in sad seriousness, good Master Jones, do you intend to cast a slur upon our courage?" demanded Standish, a cold smile upon his lips, while his right hand toyed with Gideon's hilt, and his right foot planted itself more firmly.

"Nay, he's no such ass," interposed Hopkins hastily. "He did but mean a merry joke, and we would have you Captain Standish tell off such men as had best remain on shore for further exploration while the rest shall return to the ship with Master Jones, who is in mind to go back before night."

"Oh, he is overdone with the work we babes have scarce begun," muttered Standish with a wrathful laugh. "Glad am I to spare him."

"And I," said Bradford joining them. "And we are all of one mind that Captain Standish shall take command of those who remain, since the governor and several others find themselves but ailing and will return with Jones, who forebodes foul weather and needs must take his men aboard to meet it."

"Why, that's no more than his duty, and mayhap I wronged him," said Standish generously. "Well, who tarries with me?"

The division was soon made, and as the boats left the shore, beneath the same cold and stormy sky that had led them forth, and feebly breasted the hissing waves which seemed to sneer at their puny efforts, the eighteen men who remained on shore drew closer together.

"Methinks our men are to be sifted like Gideon's army at Mount Moreh," said Edward Winslow running his eye over the little group as he linked his arm with Bradford's. "They went forth twenty-and-two hundred and fell away to three hundred."

"By the three hundred who lap the water with their hands will I conquer Midian," quoted Bradford in a clear and ringing voice.

"Hear you that, John?" asked Standish of the young man who followed him closely. "It is a good omen that the grand old story should have come into Winslow's head. And now, men, my opinion is that we should strike inland, and see if we cannot come upon some settlement or stronghold of the natives, for certes, these barns and graves were not made without hands, nor were the stubble-fields reaped by ghosts. The tract lying north and east of this river is yet new to us, and, since you will be led by me, we will march for some hours hither and you through its length and breadth, making our randevous where night may overtake us, and returning hither to meet the shallop to-morrow."

"It is good counsel, and we will follow you, Captain," said Winslow, while a consenting murmur stirred the russet beards around, and Hopkins said, "He among us who best knows the ways of woodlands, and how to steer the plainest course through these swamps and thickets, should be on the lead, it seemeth to me, Captain."

"Ay, Hopkins, I have thought of all that," interrupted Standish rather curtly; "and I have chosen my scout already. Billington, where art thou, man?"

"Here, Captain," responded a coarse voice, and a man whose mean and truculent face contrasted forcibly with those about him pushed forward and stood before the captain, who gave him a comprehensive glance, noting not only the mean and bad face, but the wiry and wellknit figure, and the eyes quick and watchful as a rat's.

"Billington," repeated he at last, "I've noticed on these expeditions that thou hast a pretty knack at woodcraft, and can smell thy way among these bogs and thorny coppies with marvelous good judgment."

"I learned such woodcraft and more while I was gamekeeper to my Lord Lovell in the old country," interrupted Billington with an impudent grin. The captain again regarded him with that penetrating glance whose power is matter of history and replied,—

"I suppose it was in such service that thou camest by that ugly scar across thy nose. Thou hast never been a soldier, well I wot."

"Thou'rt right, Captain," said Billington putting his hand to his face with an unabashed laugh. "It was a poacher"—

"Ay, I thought it was a poacher," interrupted Standish dryly. "Well, master gamekeeper Billington, to-day thou'rt under my orders, and I desire thee to lead us through this wood in an easterly course, and to keep a diligent eye upon all signs of occupation by the enemy, that is to say, our friends the salvages. Be very careful in this matter, an' please thee, good Billington, for shouldst thou think it a merry jest to lead us into danger of any sort, I fear me thou'dst find it but a poor bargain for thyself."

"Nay, Captain, the man means no harm and feels that we are all comrades in this matter," said Winslow pacifically, while Hopkins muttered discontentedly,—

"O'er many masters to my mind."

Standish answered neither, except by a glance from his penetrating eyes, and Billington taking the lead the little party struck into the woods and marched rapidly and in silence for an hour or more, when Allerton, the oldest and feeblest man of the party, suddenly halted, and called to Standish that he must perforce rest for a few minutes, and was, moreover, sadly athirst. This want was immediately echoed by all, for the flasks at every man's belt contained spirits or strong beer, and the toil of the march, sometimes in spite of Billington's skill through thickets whose thorny branches tore even the armor from the Pilgrims' backs, and sometimes through half frozen morasses, had induced a thirst craving plentiful draughts of pure water.

"We've passed neither spring nor runlet on our course, for I've looked for such," said Billington removing his leather cap and wiping his brow upon his sleeve. "And though 't is frosty weather, such a diligent march as ours heats the blood shrewdly."

"We will halt beside this coppice for a space," ordered Standish glancing at Allerton's pallid face; "and do thou search yonder hollow, Billington, for water. Alden go you with him, and keep an eye on his course."

The two men thus detailed plunged into the little hollow where indeed water should have been, but found only a pool so shallow and so sheltered as to have frozen quite solid; from this they brought some pieces of ice with which Allerton was so revived as to resume his course for another mile when he again broke down, while all the rest suffered so sensibly from thirst that they could not conceal their distress. Another halt was called, and all the younger men dispersed in various directions, while Allerton lay stretched upon the ground, his parched mouth open, and his eyes half closed. Beside him stood Standish, real concern upon his usually stern features, and in his hand a flask of spirits, from which the exhausted and fevered man turned loathingly.

"'T is as good schnapps as ever came through a still," said Standish wistfully; "and if thou couldst stomach it must surely do thee good."

"Water, water!" moaned Allerton.

"Ay, a little water mingled with it were better for thee just now," replied the Captain soothingly. "But sith water may not be had"—

"Ho, men! Water, water, a running brook!" cried Alden's hearty voice, as he came bursting his way through the thicket. "A running brook and a deer drinking at its spring."

"And why didst not shoot the deer instead of hallooing him away, thou great idiot?" demanded Standish in jesting anger, while, with such a rush as the animal sore athirst makes when he scents the water springs, all the men but three of the party burst through the undergrowth and found themselves in a lovely little dale so sheltered by hills and trees as to offer only a southern exposure to the weather. The snow of the previous day had already disappeared from this favored spot, and the little runlet with its welling spring sparkled free from frost among the long grasses, sweet-gale, and low shrubbery of the place; among these shrubs more than one dainty track leading from the forest to the runlet showed that here the deer came daily down to drink, and Alden in his heart felt he had done well not to lift a hand against the pretty creature he had surprised there. But neither the poetic Bradford, the polished Winslow, nor the meditative Howland paused any more than their brethren to note the beauty of the spot, but one and all plunging forward threw themselves upon their knees thrusting their faces into the water, and only pausing to draw breath and drink again.

"We there drank our first New England water, and with as much delight as ever we drunk drink in all our lives," wrote Bradford at a later day, and no doubt the memory of its refreshment lasted all his life. All but three, and these three were Allerton who could not go, Standish who would not leave him, and Alden who would not leave Standish until the latter said, —

"But dost not see, John, that thou'rt hindering me from quenching my thirst? Go thou and bring thy steel cap full of water for Master Allerton, and when I see him revived I'll go right gladly to lap water out of my hand among my three hundred."

"You are ever right, master," replied Alden briefly, and ran to do as he was bid.

An hour's rest and the food they had been unable to swallow while athirst, so refreshed the Pilgrims that even Allerton resumed the march with fresh courage and pursued it steadily until Billington, suddenly pausing and pointing down at a narrow path intersecting their own, said in a low voice to Standish who came close behind him, —

"Men's feet, not beasts. It will lead belike to a village."

"Ay," responded the captain briefly. "Look well to your weapons men, and light your matches, but let no man fire his piece without command." And drawing his sword, Standish strode eagerly forward close to Billington, who with all his faults was no coward, and blithely blew his match to a fiery glow, while glancing with his ferret eyes behind every tree and into every covert he passed.

Nothing, however, was to be seen, and suddenly the path came to an end in a large clearing covered with the stubble of maize recently gathered, while at the farther side stood several huts formed by a circle of elastic poles, the butts thrust in the ground and the tops bound together leaving a hole through which the smoke

was invited to escape, and sometimes did so. The outside was protected by heavy mats of skins or braided of bark, while a more highly decorated one closed the doorway. All were evidently deserted, and after some cautious advances, the captain leaving three men on guard permitted the rest to extinguish their matches and explore the wigwams so curious to European eyes and so familiar to our own.

The interior of each showed a cooking hearth or platform framed of sticks and stones, and an assortment of wooden cooking utensils rudely carved. Among these the explorers noticed an English bucket without a bale and a copper kettle, both linking themselves in their minds to the traces of civilization already noted in the palisades and ruined cabin near which the store of corn had been found. Many baskets, both for use and ornament, were found, and sundry boxes curiously wrought with bits of clam shell, such as were used for wampum, and also little crab shells and colored pebbles, seemed to show the presence of women and their proficiency in the fancy work of their own time and taste. Several deer heads, one of them freshly killed, showed that the inmates of the wigwams were not far distant, and in a hollow tree by way of larder was hung the carcass of a deer, so well ripened that even Hopkins pronounced it "fitter for dogs than men."

From all these novelties and curiosities the Pilgrims selected a few of the prettier specimens to carry to their comrades on board, formally promising each other, as they had in case of the corn, to make due payment to the owners whenever they should be found, a promise most conscientiously performed at a later day.

By the time these matters were fully examined night

was falling, and the Pilgrims, strong in their own good intentions and also in their weapons, encamped a short distance from the Indian village, and although keeping diligent guard all night saw nor heard naught to disturb their slumbers. Rousing betimes next morning, their first attention was given to prayers, and their next to making as good a breakfast as possible with the aid of some wild fowl and little birds shot during the previous day's march, and then the "meat and mass" which "hinder no man" thus attended to, they set forth in the direction of the river where they were to be picked up by the shallop. Toward noon this point was nearly reached, in fact the clearing with the European cabin was close at hand, when Billington paused beside a mound carefully laid up with a border of beach stones and rounded high and smooth with sods, over which were laid hewn planks such as composed the cabin.

"It is another store of corn of choicer variety," declared he greedily; but Hopkins shook his head.

"It is the grave of some great sachem, or haply from these planks above him it is the grave of whoever built you cabin and palisado."

"Belike there is treasure of some wrecked vessel which brought him hither, and which he stored away thus, until his rescue," said Rigdale.

"Should not we cautiously open it, Captain, and certify ourselves what is therein?" asked Bradford. "If it prove a grave we can but reverently cover it again, and if it be food, we need all that we can gather for food and seed."

"Ay, Master Bradford," replied Standish thoughtfully. "I like not meddling with graves for despite or for curiosity, but sith it much imports us to understand

this country where we are to dwell, I think we may examine this mound, and, as thou sayest, if it be a grave of white man or of red, we will leave it as honorable as we find it."

Permission thus given, swords, bayonets, and hatchets were set to work, and in a few moments, the upper surface of sand and earth being removed, the explorers came upon a large bow, strong, tough, and beautifully carved and pointed.

"It is a sachem, and a mighty man of valor if he wielded this bow and shot these arrows," said Hopkins handling them respectfully.

"It seemeth to me like a white man's touch in this carving," said Winslow examining the bow.

"Here lieth a goodly mat, stained with red and blue in a fair pattern," said Bradford drawing it off the grave, as it now seemed certain to be.

"And what is this?" exclaimed Alden raising something which lay beneath the mat. Brushing away the mould that clung to it, this proved to be a piece of plank some twenty-seven inches in length, carefully smoothed upon one side, and painted with what seemed an heraldic achievement, while the top was cut into something of the fashion of a crest consisting of three spikes or tines.

"It is a hatchment over a noble's grave," cried Standish. "Say you not so, Master Winslow? See you, here is a shield, although I know not the device, and here is surely a crest."

"So it beseemeth, Captain," replied Winslow cautiously. "And to my mind this crest is a rude presentment of the lilies of France. See you now, Master Bradford!"

"Nay, I know naught of such toys," replied Bradford

sturdily. "To my mind it looketh as much like Neptune's trident as aught else."

"Or like a muck-fork," suggested Rigdale in his broad Lancashire dialect, and with a coarse laugh resented by Standish, who, an aristocrat to his heart's core, ill brooked contempt of chivalrous emblems, especially by a rustic of his own shire.

"Well, let us get on with this business," said he peremptorily, and pulling away another mat he disclosed a store of bowls, plates, dishes, and such matters, all new and beautifully carved and decorated.

"For the dead man to cook and eat on his journey to the happy hunting grounds, which the salvages place in the room of heaven," said Hopkins sanctimoniously. Beneath these lay another mat, and beneath this a crypt carefully bedded with dry white sand, upon which lay two packages carefully sewn up in sailcloth, the one more than six feet in length, the other barely three.

"The body of a man and child," said Bradford softly, as he helped to raise them from their pure white cell and lay them upon the earth.

"Open them with care, friends," said Standish uncovering his head. "It is some white man buried in such honor as they had knowledge of by those who loved him."

The many folds of canvas removed, there lay a strange sight before the Pilgrims' eyes. Inclosed in a great quantity of fine red powder, emitting a pungent but agreeable odor, lay the skeleton of a man, fleshless, except upon the skull, where clung the skin and a mass of beautiful hair, yellow as gold, and curling closely as if in life.

"Is the flesh turned to this red powder?" asked Alden fingering it dubiously.

- "Dost know, Hopkins?" asked Standish, but the veteran shook his head.
- "I have seen naught like this in all my life," confessed he. "See, here is a parcel at his feet done up in another bit of the old sail."
 - "Shall I open it, Captain?" asked Alden eagerly.
 - "Ay, an' thou wilt."
- "'T is clothes. A sailor's jerkin and breeches, a knife, a sail needle threaded with somewhat like a bow-string"—
- "A deer's sinew. They still use it as our women do linen thread," said Hopkins taking it in his hand.
- "And some bits of wrought iron," continued Alden turning them over.
- "Ay, ay, ay, the poor fellow's chiefest treasures in his exile among the salvages," said Bradford gently.
- "And still he was finding some comfort, you may well be sure," suggested Hopkins. "For it was a savage woman who laid him thus carefully to his rest, and you package be sure is the bones of her child."
- "Belike. Open it, John," said Standish briefly, and in effect the smaller package contained the same red and pungent powder encasing the bones of a little child, his head covered with a thinner thatch of the father's yellow curls, and the wrists, ankles, and neck surrounded with strings of fine white beads. Beside it lay a little bow and arrows ornamented with all the loving elaboration of Indian art.
- "A boy, and his mother's darling, be she red or white, savage or Christian," said Bradford softly, as his thoughts flew to the baby boy left in Holland under charge of his wife Dorothy's parents.
 - "Yes," replied Standish gently. "Cover them rev-

erently, and lay them in their grave again. God send comfort to that poor woman's heart."

"Certes they are no salvages," said Hopkins positively. "Never saw I yellow hair on any but a white man's head, nor do red men wear breeches."

"Ay, he was a white man, but, as I opine, a Frenchman," declared Winslow thoughtfully.

"French surely, masters, for this is French," said Robert Cartier timidly, as he handled the pointed board. "These are indeed the lilies of France. I have seen them full oft."

"Say you so, lad?" asked Standish kindly. "Well, I suppose a man loves his country's ensign though he be naught but a Frenchman. There, place all as we found it, and let us go our ways."

CHAPTER V.

AN AWFUL DANGER.

"Found you a good burial place in yonder wilderness?" asked Dorothy Bradford of her husband the next morning as he sat beside her in their little cabin on the high quarter deck of the Mayflower.

"Ay truly, wife," replied the husband cheerily.
"And much did we muse as to the remains so honorably interred. One of those we found was a little lad scarce as old as our baby John, and almost mine eyes grew wet in thinking of him so far away."

"Cruel that thou art to speak of him," exclaimed the young mother wildly, "when thou knowest I am dying for sight of the child and of home and my mother and all that I hold dear. I asked, hadst thou found a grave for poor me in this wilderness whither thou hast brought me to die."

"Nay, then, dear wife"-

"Mock me not with fair words, for they are naught. If I indeed am dear take me home to all I love. Here I have naught but thee, and one might as well love one of these cold gray rocks as thee."

"Have I not been kind and gentle to thee, Dorothy?" asked Bradford bowing his face upon his hands.

"Ay, kind enow," replied she sullenly. "And gentle, as brave men still must be to helpless women, but as for love! Tell me now, William Bradford, dost thou to-day love me as thou couldst have loved Alice Carpenter who

flouted thee and married Edward Southworth instead? Nay, now, thou darest not deny that thou dost love her still!"

"Peace, woman!" exclaimed Bradford raising his face, stern and pale as his wife had seldom seen it, and then as he marked her fragile features and woe-begone expression his tone changed to a gentle one. "Nay, Dorothy, thou wrongest thyself and me. I told thee of certain passages, past before I knew thee, because I would have no secret between my wife and me, and it is illdone of thee to use my confidence as a weapon against And again thou wrongest me grievously; Edward Southworth's wife is naught to us; we twain are made one, and our lives are to run in the one channel while both shall last. It is for me to shape and hew that channel, and for thee to see that its waters run clear and sweet, and, if you will, to plant posies on the banks. Let us never speak again of these matters, Dorothy, but rather turn our minds to making a fair home of the place whither God hath brought us, and doing our best by each other. Trust me, wife, thou shalt never have cause to complain for lack of aught I can win for thee or do for thee. Nay, Dorothy, my wife, weep not so bitterly!"

"Master Bradford, are you within?" asked John Howland's voice outside the door.

- "Ay. What is thy errand, John?"
- "The governor prays you to attend a Council convened in the great cabin."
- "I will come," and laying his hand tenderly yet solemnly upon the bowed head of his wife Bradford murmured,—
- "God help thee, Dorothy, God help us both!" and without waiting for a reply so left her.

In the cabin he found the principal men of the company seated around a table covered with charts, scrolls, and instruments of various sorts. Standish with a brief nod made room for the new-comer, and Carver in his measured tones explained: "Some of us were talking with Master Jones upon the question of seating ourselves by yonder river as he strongly adviseth, and I thought it best, Master Bradford, to call a general Council and settle the matter out of hand. Here are such charts as the Mayflower saileth by, and here is Master Smith's maps whereon we find this bay, and much of the coast beyond, laid fairly down. Master Hopkins counseleth a place called Agawam 1 some twenty leagues to the northward, whereof he hath heard as a good harbor and fishing ground. Others say that we should explore yet farther along the shores of this land which Smith calleth Cape Cod, even as he nameth the whole district New England, which is verily a pleasant reminder for us, who in spite of persecution and harshness must still love the name of the land wherein we have left the bones of our sires."

"It needs not so many words, Governor," interrupted Jones rudely. "If ye will not be satisfied with the place ye saw yesterday, Coppin, our pilot, knoweth of another river with plenty of cleared land about it, and a harbor fit for a war-fleet to ride in, lying two or three leagues to the southwest of this place. What think you of taking your pinnace and going to look at it?"

"We will have in the pilot and hear his story for ourselves before we answer that query," said Carver with dignity, while Standish less temperately demanded,—

¹ Ipswich.

- "And why, Master Jones, didst not tell us this at first rather than at last? Well nigh hadst thou forced us to land where we could if only to be rid of thy importunity."
- "Why of course I had rather landed you here, and been off for home rather than to carry you further and be burdened with your queasy fancies," retorted Jones brutally. "I'm no man's fool I'd have thee to know my little fire-eater, and thou'lt be no gladder to say good-by when the time comes than I."
- "Here is Robert Coppin, friends," interposed Brewster mildly, as a hardy fellow entered the cabin and nodded with scant ceremony to the company.
- "Sit thee down, Coppin," said Carver making room for the pilot beside him. "We would have thee show us upon the chart this river whereof Master Jones says thou knowest."
- "Well, it should be hereaway methinks," replied Coppin bending over the map and tracing the coast line with a horny forefinger. "Is it yon? Nay, I am no scholar and steer not by a chart I cannot make out. I know the place when I see it, and I'll find it again if I'm set to it."
 - "Thou'st been there, then?"
- "Ay, we lay there three weeks when I sailed in the whaler Scotsman out of Glasgow, and more by token we named the place Thievish Harbor, for one of the Indians stole a harpoon out of our boat and away with it before we could reach him. 'T is a goodly river, broader and deeper than yon, and has a broad safe harbor." 1
- "And why didst thou not tell us of this place sooner, Master Coppin, sith thou art our pilot?" sternly demanded Winslow.
 - ¹ Jones River, Duxbury.

"Well, master," returned Coppin slowly, and casting a furtive look at Jones who was draining a pewter flagon of beer, "I did tell Master Jones yonder, but he said he had liefer you seated here, and I was to hold my tongue"—

"Thou liest, knave," roared Jones menacing him with the flagon. "Thou liest in thy throat. Or if thou didst mumble some nonsense in mine ears, I paid no heed, doubting not that thou hadst told it all before to thy gossips among these pious folk. But, Governor, if it is your pleasure to seek out this place, I will lend you some of my men and set you forward at your own pleasure."

"Thanks for your good will, master," replied Carver coldly. "What say you, friends? Shall we try it?"

Murmurs and words of assent were heard on all sides, and Standish said, —

"My mind, if you will have it, is that this matter should be shrewdly pressed, and an end made of it as soon as may be. Our people dwindle daily; they who were well a se'nnight since are ill to-day, and may be dead to-morrow. Our provision waxeth short and poor, and be it once spent our good friend Jones will give us none of his we may be sure. We are no babes to be cast down by these things, nor frighted at facing them, but sure it is the part of wisdom to use our strength while it is left to us, and to explore this place, and any other whereof we may hear, with no farther delay. My counsel is to tell off a company of our soundest men, and set forth with Coppin this very hour, or as soon as we may."

"Well and manfully spoken, Captain Standish," replied Carver, and from more than one bearded throat came a grim murmur of approval, while Hopkins significantly added, —

- "Let them who will, be treated as babes and set down here or there without their own consent. I for one am with thee, Captain, in the bolder course."
- "If thou 'rt with me, thou 'rt with the governor and the brethren. I have no separate design, Master Hopkins," replied Standish coldly. "I did but give my mind subject to the approval of the rest."
- "And so good a mind it seemeth to me, that I propose we follow it without delay. What say ye, friends?"
- "I like the scheme so well that I fain would set forth this moment," said Bradford, over whom the depression of his interview with Dorothy still hung.
- "Then in God's name let the thing go forward," said Carver solemnly raising his hand. "And, it is my mind that such among us as have in some sort the charge of the rest should be the men to go upon this emprise, both because they are best fitted to judge what is needed, and because they will be hampered by no need of orders from headquarters. I propose, then, that leaving Elder Brewster in charge of those who remain aboard, the party should consist of me as your governor, and Captain Standish as our man of war, with Master Winslow, Master Bradford, and the Brothers Tilley from the Leyden brethren, to whom we will join Master Hopkins, Master Warren, and Edward Dotey of London."
- "Will it please your excellency to add my name?" asked John Howland eagerly. "Well I wot I am not a principal man, but I have a strong arm, and would fain follow thee, if I may."

"A strong arm, a stout heart, and a ready wit," replied Carver looking kindly at his retainer. "And gladly do I number thee of the company. That then counts ten of us, and we shall have Thomas English in charge of the pinnace with John Alderton our seaman, and that methinks is enough."

"Enough to meet the danger if there be danger, and to divide the glory if there be glory," said Myles placidly, and Bradford softly and pensively replied,

"No such glory as thou didst win in Flanders, friend, but truly the 'glory that fadeth not away.'"

"Hm!" retorted Myles as softly, but pulling his red beard with a grim smile. "I'm not greedy, Will, and I'll leave those honors for thee."

"Nay," began Bradford rousing himself, but at that moment the whole brig was shaken, and the councilors startled from their dignity by a tremendous explosion which drove them from their seats, while the air was rent by yells and shrieks in various tones and degrees, and a stifling smoke and smell of gunpowder filled the cabin.

"The magazine has blown up!" shouted Standish. "Man the boats, and fetch the women and children!" And he rushed to his own cabin where Rose lay, not well enough to rise. But Bradford, seated near the companion-way, had already sprung down and presently returned leading by the ear a blubbering boy, his hands and face besmirched with gunpowder.

"Here is the culprit, Master Carver," announced he placing him in front of the governor.

"John Billington!" exclaimed Carver sternly. "Ever in mischief, what hast thou done now? Speak the truth, boy, or 't is the worse for thee."

- "I did but take dad's gun from the hooks in our cabin, and she went off in my hands," whimpered the boy.
- "Nay, 't was more than that, for we heard not one but several explosions," persisted the governor.
- "There was a keg of gunpowder under the bed," confessed the boy reluctantly, "and and some of it flew out upon the floor."
- "Flew out without hands!" exclaimed Hopkins, but Carver raised his finger and asked mildly,—
- "And what didst thou with the powder on the floor, John?"
- "I made some squibs as father did last Guy Fawkes Day," muttered the boy.
- "And dropped the fire among the loose powder on the floor, and so sent all off together!" broke in Hopkins again. "And if the keg had caught, thou wouldst have blown the ship to pieces! Thou unwhipt rascal, thou'rt enough to corrupt a whole colony of boys. If my Bartholomew ever speaks to thee again I'll break every bone in his body, as I'd well like to thine, and will"—
- "Nay, nay, Master Hopkins!" interposed the governor sternly. "It is never well to threaten what we cannot perform. We break not bones nor put to the torture in our new community; but, John Billington, I shall counsel thy father to take thee ashore and whip thee so soundly as shall make thee long remember that gunpowder is for thee forbidden fruit. Go, now, to thy cabin, and remain there till he comes, while I go to see what harm thou hast wrought."
- "Mistress Carver would fain see the governor without delay," announced Lois, Mistress Carver's maid, in a

quavering voice. "Jasper More was so frighted by the noise that he is in convulsions, and we know not but he is dying."

"Is Doctor Fuller here?" demanded another voice. "Mistress White would see him presently."

"And this is thy work, boy!" exclaimed Carver solemnly. "Go!"

And the boy crept miserably away, foreboding the whipping of which he was not disappointed.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST ENCOUNTER.

So thoroughly were the bolder spirits among the Pilgrims impressed with the necessity of haste in finding an abiding place that by afternoon of the next day the pinnace was victualed and fitted for a voyage of ten days or more, and the adventurers ready to embark. To the twelve men previously named, all of whom were signers of the Constitution already drawn up to quell symptoms of insubordination on the part of Hopkins and others, were added Clarke and Coppin, acting as pilots, with the rank of master's mate, three sailors, and the master gunner, who, uninvited, thrust himself into the company in hopes of making something by traffic, or, as he phrased it, trucking with the Indians.

But hasten as they might many things delayed them, some of them as important as the death of Jasper More, an orphan in charge of the Carvers, and the birth of a son to Mistress White, whom his father and Doctor Fuller whimsically named Peregrine, latest of the Pilgrims, and first of native born American white men. When at last the shallop left the Mayflower's side it was in teeth of such bad weather as left the former expedition far in the shade, for not only was the northeast wind more bitter, but the temperature so low that the spray froze upon the rigging and the men's jerkins, turning them into coats of mail almost impossible to bend.

It was soon found impossible for Master English to lay his proposed course, and finally the Pilgrims resolved to land and encamp for the night, partly for the sake of the greedy gunner, who had turned so deadly sick that it was feared he would die, and for Edward Tilley, who lay in the bottom of the boat in a dead swoon, while his brother John crouched beside him covered with John Howland's coat, which he declared was but an impediment to him in rowing.

"They should never have come. Had I guessed their unfitness I would have hindered it, but now alack it is too late, and I fear they have come to their death," said Carver in Bradford's ear, and indeed it was so. The brothers, never divided in body or soul since their birth, had as one man given their substance, their strength, their faith, to the common cause, and now were giving their lives as simply and as willingly as heroes ever will go to their death, so giving life to many.

The second night found them only as far as what we now call Eastham, and again building a "randevous" and gathering firewood, a difficult task at any time in this vicinity, for the trees were lofty and the underbrush annually burned away by the Indians to facilitate hunting. But it was finally done, as all things will be when such men set about them, the fire was built, the supper eaten, the prayer said, and the psalm sung, its rude melody rising from that wilderness to the wintry sky with the assurance of Daniel's song in the den of lions. Then all slept except Edward Dotey, to whom was committed the first watch, to last while three inches of the slow-match attached to his piece were consuming.

Striding up and down his appointed beat the young

man hummed again the evening psalm, mildly anathematized the cold, peered into the blackness of the forest, and glanced enviously at his comrades sound asleep about the fire.

"'T is all but burned," muttered he stooping to examine the match, and thrusting a fallen log back into the fire with his boot. But in that very instant upon the intense stillness of the night burst suddenly a discordant clamor, a confusion of horrible and unknown sounds, unlike, in simple Edward Dotey's mind, to anything possible this side of hell. Undaunted even thus, he answered the assault with a yell of quivering defiance, fired his matchlock into the air, and shouted at the top of his voice, —

"Arm! arm! arm! The fiend is upon us!"

All sprang to their feet alert and ready, and two or three pieces were shot off, but no foe appeared, and no reply was made to their shouts of defiance.

Dotey, questioned by Standish, was fain to confess he had seen nothing, and Coppin averred that he had more than once heard similar sounds upon the coast of Newfoundland, and that they were commonly thought to be the voices of sirens or mermaids who haunted lonely shores.

"If naught more imminent than mermaids is upon us I'll e'en go back to sleep," said Winslow in goodnatured derision, while Standish, lighting his slowmatch, said pleasantly to Dotey,—

"Lay thee down, man, and sleep. If thy fiend comes again I'll give account of him."

A few grim jests, a little laughter, and the camp was again quiet, until Standish, sure that no enemy could be at hand, resigned his watch to Howland, and he to English, until at five o'clock William Bradford aroused his comrades, reminding them that on account of the tide they must embark within the hour, and had still to breakfast.

A wintry fog, piercing in its chill, had closed down upon the camp, covering everything with a half-frozen rime, dropping sullenly like rain from such things as came near the fire, and stiffening into ice in the shade.

"I fear me our pieces will hang fire after this soaking," remarked Carver examining his matchlock.

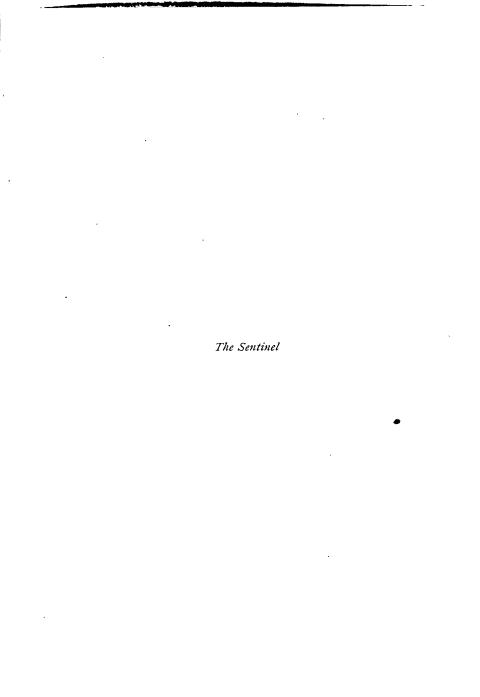
"It were well to try them before there is need," said Winslow firing his into the thicket behind the camp. His example was followed by several, until Standish good-humoredly cried,—

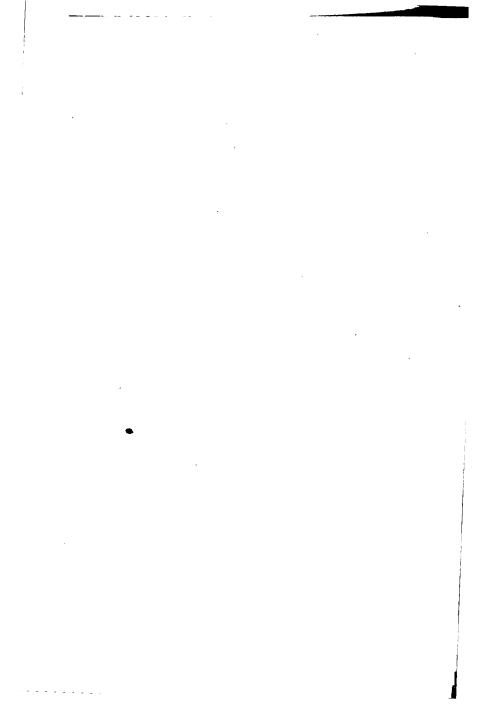
"Enough, enough, friends! Save powder and shot for the enemy if there be one. Such grapes grow not on these vines."

"Well, since the pieces are ready, and the twilight breaks, it were well for some of us to carry them and the other armor down to the boat, while the rest set out the breakfast," suggested Hopkins, always anxious to be stirring.

"Nay, 't is but poor soldiership to part from our arms even for so brief a space," said Winslow. "There be other matters, cloaks and haversacks, and such like, that can be carried, but the arms and armor should abide with them who wear them."

"Master Winslow may do as seemeth good in his own eyes, but my armor goeth now," retorted Hopkins in a belligerent tone. And loading himself with his breast-plate, steel cap, matchlock, and bullet pouch, he strode obstinately away to the boat, lying some three or four hundred yards distant, waiting for the tide to float her.







DNIV. OF CALIFORNIA Standish watched him disapprovingly, and, turning to Carver, he inquired significantly, —

- "What saith our governor?"
- "Let each man do as seemeth good to himself," replied Carver placably. "'T is of no great import."
- "My snaphance goes nowhere out of reach of my right hand," announced Standish somewhat sharply, for the want of discipline grieved him, and Bradford, Winslow, and Howland silently indorsed both his action and his feeling. The courteous Carver said nothing, and did nothing, but a sailor seeing the governor's armor lying together, carried it down to the boat, thinking to do him a service.

Reaching the shore, Hopkins found the boat surrounded by a few inches of water, and, not caring to wade out to her, laid his load upon the shore, to wait until she fairly floated, — an example followed by the rest, some of whom strolled back to the camp, while others stood talking to those who had slept on board, until a summons to breakfast quickened their motions; but just as the laggards entered the randevous the same horrible noise that had so startled Edward Dotey burst forth again, while one of the sailors yet lingering by the shore came rushing up, shouting like a madman, —

"Salvages! Indians! They are men!" and, as if to prove his words, a shower of arrows came rattling into the randevous, one of them transfixing the lump of boiled beef laid ready for breakfast.

"Why didn't you bring up your pieces again, ye fools!" cried Standish angrily. "Run, now, and recover them before the enemy seizes them, while we men of wit cover your course."

Not waiting to dispute the style of this command, the

unarmed men hastened to obey it, while Standish, taking position at the open entrance of the barricade, fired his shaphance in the direction where the sailor pointed; Bradford followed suit; but as Winslow and Howland stepped forward Standish held up his hand,—

"Hold your fire, men, until we see the foe, and Bradford load again with all speed! We must hold the randevous at all odds, for here is half our stuff, and our lives depend upon not losing it. Hasten ye laggards! Run Tilley! Run men!"

"He is spent!" cried John Howland, throwing down his piece and dashing out into the open, where he seized John Tilley round the waist and half carried, half dragged him into the inclosure.

"They will seize the shallop!" cried Carver, and springing on the barricade, heedless of his own exposure, he shouted to those in the boat.—

"Ho, Warren! English! Coppin! Are you safe and on your watch?"

"Ay, well! All is well!" cried the rough voices of the seamen, and Warren's manly tones added, "Be of good courage, brethren!"

"And quit yourselves like men," muttered Standish, his snaphance at his shoulder, his eager eyes scanning the covert.

Three shots from the pinnace rang bravely through the wood, and then came a hail, —

"Ho, comrades, bring us a light! We have no fire to set off our pieces!"

"Their matches are not alight!" exclaimed Howland, and snatching a brand from the camp-fire he again dashed out, down the wooded slope, and splashing midleg deep through the freezing brine, he gave the brand

into Warren's hand, then rushed back as he came, the arrows whistling around his head and two sticking in his heavy frieze jerkin.

"Well done, John! well done!" cried Carver clapping the young man on the shoulder as, breathless and glowing, he stooped to pick up his matchlock. "The sight of such valor will daunten the Indians more than a whole flight of bullets."

And in fact there was for a moment a lull in the enemy's movements, but rather of rage than dismay, for the savage outcry burst forth the next moment with more ferocity than ever, and as it died away a single voice shouted in a tone of command some words, to which the rest responded by such a yell as later on curdled the blood of the hapless settlers at Deerfield and other places.

"Aha! There is a leader, there!" growled Standish, his eyes glittering and his strong teeth clenched. "Let him show himself!"

As if in answer to the wish a stalwart figure leaped from behind a large tree to the shelter of a smaller one, about half a gunshot from the camp.

"That's your man, Captain!" exclaimed Howland, who stood next him.

"Ay, leave him to me!" growled Standish. "Ha!" for an arrow well and strongly aimed hit squarely above his heart, and rebounded from the coat of mail Rose had insisted upon his putting on.

"For thee, wife!" murmured the captain, and fired. Bark and splinters flew from the tree where the crown of the warrior's head had showed for an instant, but a shriek of derisive laughter told that no further harm was done. Standish, with a grim smile, reloaded his snaphance, while two more arrows vigorously flew, one piercing the right sleeve of his doublet, the other aimed at his face, which he avoided by moving his head. Then for one instant a dusky arm was seen reaching over the shoulder for another arrow, and in that instant the snaphance rang cheerily out, the arm fell with a convulsive movement, and a piercing cry rang through the wood, followed by the pattering of many moccasoned feet, as dusky shadows slipped from tree to tree, and were lost in the dim recesses of the forest.

"They are routed! They fly!" cried Howland firing his piece into a rustling thicket.

"Yes, that last cry was the retreat," said Standish half regretfully plucking the arrow from his sleeve. "The chief finds his courage cooled by a broken elbow. I doubt me if ever he speed arrow again."

"Body o' me!" continued he examining the shaft in his hand. "See you, John, 't is pointed with naught but a bird's talon, curiously bound on with its own sinews. To be scratched to death by a fowl were but a poor ending for a man that has fought Alva!"

"Pursue them, Captain, pursue and terrify, but kill not, if you can help it," ordered Carver eagerly. "Let the heathen know that they are but men, and that the Lord of Hosts is on our side."

"Forward then, men! At the double-quick! Run!" and, waving his sword, Standish rushed after the flying savages, followed by all but Carver, English, and the sailors who stayed to guard the randevous and the pinnace. But even as he ran Myles muttered, perhaps to the sword Gideon,—

"Beshrew me if I see how I am to hurl you text in

the heathen's teeth, sith we have no common tongue, and they will not stop for parley! A good man, and a gentle, but no soldier, is our governor!"

As might have been expected, the Pilgrims, in their heavy clothing and armor, proved no match for the Indians in a foot-race, and after pursuing them for about a quarter of a mile Standish called a halt, and ordered his men to raise a shout of mingled triumph and defiance, followed by a volley of three, each three reloading as the next fired.

The victory thus asserted, and the foe offering no response, the little army retired in good order upon the randevous, where they only tarried long enough to pick up the rest of their possessions and make a sheaf of arrows, pointed not only with eagle's claws, but with the tips of deer's horns and bits of brass and iron gathered from the various European vessels touching for provisions or traffic at these shores.

It was indeed to the treachery of one of these commanders that the present attack of the savages was due. Thomas Hunt, visiting these shores in 1614 to procure a cargo of dried fish for Spain, recompensed the kindness and hospitality of the savages by cajoling four-and-twenty of them on board his ship and carrying them as slaves to Malaga, where he sold several, the rest being claimed for purposes of conversion by the Franciscan Friars of those parts.

One of these captives, named Tisquantum, or Squanto, escaped from Hunt, and remained for a while in England, where he was kindly treated and learned the language with something of the mode of life. He was brought back to Cape Cod as an interpreter by an adventurer named Dermer, and finally returned to his own

people, who were so enraged by his story of Hunt's treachery and cruelty, that they resolved by way of revenge to sacrifice the first white men who fell into their hands, and had they proved themselves better men than the Pilgrims would have inflicted not only death, but the most cruel torments upon them.

The goods and weapons on board, Carver, by a word, gathered the men around him upon the sands, and in a few fervent and hearty words returned thanks to the God of battles for His aid and protection, invoking at the same time protection and counsel for the farther dangers of the exploration. Then embarking with all speed the shallop was pushed off and flew merrily on before the strong east wind.

CHAPTER VII.

CLARKE'S ISLAND.

"AND now, Master Coppin, let us bear up for Thievish Harbor without more delays," said Carver as the boat settled to her work, and the men into their places.

"Ay, ay, master," responded the pilot cheerily.
"And a good harbor and a good seat shall you find it in spite of its ill-favored name."

But as the day went on the stormy sky lowered yet more and more blackly, the wind, shifting between east and north, swooped in angry gusts across the black waters, or blew in so fierce a gale that the shallop scarcely bore her close-reefed sails, and more than once careened so as to ship alarming seas. The air, filled with sleet and icy snow, cut like a knife through the thickest clothing, and again Edward Tilley, swooning with exhaustion and cold, lay lifeless in the bottom of the boat, sadly watched by his brother in hardly better plight and by Carver, who, like the father of a family, carried all his children in his heart.

About the middle of the afternoon these skirmishes of the storm concentrated in one furious and irresistible attack, before which even the hardy sailors lowered their heads and clung to whatever lay nearest, while Clarke, who was steering, suddenly reeled violently against the bulwark, and recovering himself with a fearful oath seized an oar and thrusting it out astern shouted,—

"We be all dead men! The rudder has broke, and no man can steer in such a sea as this with an oar!"

"Two men may, so they be men and not cowards!" shouted John Alderton in retort, and springing to the stern he thrust out his own oar, calling to a comrade, — "Here, Cornish Jim, come you and help me, and so long as ash blades and stout arms hold we two will steer the craft."

"Good cheer, men!" hailed Coppin from the bows where he was on the lookout. "I see the harbor straight ahead! We are all but in! Carry on, carry on with your sails there, Clarke, and let us make the haven before the gale rises to its height."

"She'll never carry another inch of canvas," expostulated English as the mate shook out a reef in the mainsail, but Coppin and Clarke were now in command, since only they professed to know the coast, and the warning was unheeded, especially as the wind had for a moment lulled or rather drawn back for a more formidable spring, swooping down as the last reef point was loosed with a force that snatched the great sail from the men's hands, and buried the nose of the shallop deep under water. The sail cracked and filled until it was tense as iron, but the honest Holland duck could not give way, and it was the mast that had to go, breaking into three pieces and falling overboard with a splintering crash. Nor was this the worst, for with the mast went the great sail with all its hamper of blocks and cordage, which, half in and half out the boat, threatened to capsize and swamp her before it could be cut away.

"Save the sail, men!" cried English through all the hubbub. "As good lose all as lose our sail! Gather it in and stow it as best we may. Keep her before the wind, you lubbers! Handle your oars for your lives!"

For now the great boat, losing her sail, must depend upon oars, and with two men at each, and Alderton and the Cornish giant steering as best they might against a sea howling and leaping like wild beasts around them, the shattered craft drove on past the headland of Manomet, steering straight for the deadly rocks off the Gurnet's Head, which Coppin espying from the bows, he uttered a cry of dismay, shouting,—

"The Lord be merciful to our sinful souls, for I never saw this place before!"

"Breakers ahead!" shouted Clarke. "Beach her, Alderton! Run her ashore on you headland! We that can swim may save ourselves! Beach her, I say!"

"And I say no such coward thing," retorted Alderton. "About with her, men! Row, row for your lives! Bend down to it! So! Pull, pull! I see a channel ahead and smooth water! Hold on here, Jim, till I get out another oar, this cracks! Now then! Yeo-ho! Here we go past the reef!"

And weathering Brown's Island and the Gurnet Rocks, the brave fellow steering more by instinct than sight, for darkness had fallen with the storm, the shallop struck the channel then dividing Saquish from the Gurnet, flew through it like a hunted creature, and forging past the north headland of a small densely wooded island found herself in calm water close under its lee.

"There, men, ye are safe, thanks to stout hearts and arms and good ashen blades!" exclaimed Alderton drawing his first full breath since seizing the steering oar.

"Thanks to God Almighty who still giveth His servants the victory," amended Carver, who had toiled with the sturdiest.

- "And now, where are we and what is to do next?" demanded Standish clenching his blistered hands.
- "We are between two shores, maybe islands both, maybe the lee shore is the main," replied Coppin peering through the darkness. "And more I know not."
- "And I for one am minded to get ashore and see if there be stuff for a fire and shelter, whatever name the place may hold," cried Hopkins dashing the drops of salt water from his face and beard.
- "And I," added Standish heartily. "What say you, Master Carver? Shall we land and make some sort of randevous upon the shore?"
- "The place may be full of salvages, who, drawn by the light of a fire, can come upon us unaware," replied Carver hesitatingly.
- "As well risk another encounter as to perish here of cold and exhaustion," suggested Winslow.
- "Safety most often lies on the side of courage," declared Standish sententiously.
- "And Master Tilley will die if naught be done for him," pleaded Howland, and to this consideration Carver at once yielded his careful scruples.
- "Ay, John, thou'rt right to mind me of that," said he. "Some of us will go ashore and make a fire, whereat to comfort those who are overborne by cold and weariness, and some shall keep the boat until the first are refreshed, and so hold watch and watch."
- "And I will be of the first watch ashore," cried Clarke, the master's mate; "for I'd twice liefer meet all the salvages of the Indies than to freeze like a clod, so here goes." And stepping upon the gunwale he made a spring in the dark, alighting upon a slippery rock and measuring his length upon the sand. Nothing daunted,

however, he grasped a handful of sand in each fist, as if his prostration had been voluntary, and springing to his feet cried in a braggadocio voice,—

"I seize this land for King James of England and for myself."

"Thyself!" growled Coppin, jealously. "We'll call it Clarke's Land, then; for truly 't is all thou'rt ever likely to be master of."

"Nay, then, thou'rt welcome to the six feet they'll give thee after thou'rt hung," retorted Clarke, and the sailors chuckled at the jest, while the Pilgrims gravely arranged which watch should first land, and which keep the boat.

Peering around in the obscurity, the pioneers soon found a sheltered nook close under the bluff, and built their fire and made their camp very near the spot where a little wharf now lies, and where generation after generation of their children has stood to meditate, to dream, to drink in the glory of summer seas and skies, or beneath the August moon to whisper in each others ears the old, old story, never so fresh and never so real as it has come to some of them on the shores of Clarke's Island.

No rosy dreams, no moonlit passages were theirs however, who in that stormy December night first trod that pleasant shore, but rather the sternest realities of life and death, as with numb and icy fingers they struck a light and sheltered the feeble blaze loth to catch upon the wet twigs and leaves hastily collected.

"Either there are no Indians or this is an island too small for hunting," said Hopkins as he groped in the thicket at the top of the bluff for small wood.

"And how know you that?" inquired Howland who helped him.

"By this undergrowth that we are gathering, lad. The Indians burn it off year by year in the haunts of the deer, so that they may course there freely, but here thou seest are plenty of old and dry twigs."

"The better for our fire," returned Howland philosophically, not so much interested at that moment in the habits of Indians as in providing for Elizabeth Tilley's father.

The more cautious brethren in the pinnace meantime had anchored and made things as snug as possible on board, but as the fire blazed up, and one after another on shore showed signs of its genial influence, the dangers of abandoning the boat grew less and less formidable, until Standish, rubbing his hands and turning to toast the other side of his person, cried exultingly,—

- "Aha, I am warm! I have seen the fire!"
- "So have I seen it, and here goes to feel it!" cried Coppin jumping as far toward land as he could, and splashing the rest of the way, for he had sulkily remained on board when Clarke leaped ashore and claimed the island.
- "Methinks the example is good if the manner be uncourteous," said Winslow wistfully.
- "Ay," replied Carver a little annoyed by Coppin's action, although he claimed no authority over the rough fellow. "I was just about to say that it were as well that we landed, taking our arms with us and standing on our guard, for truly we are perishing here."

The permission calmly waited for was thankfully received, and in a few moments the whole party was gathered about the now jubilant fire which, fed with cedar logs, sent up clouds of perfumed smoke to float like incense among the crests of the shivering parent trees.

The next morning broke calm and 'sunshining,' and the Pilgrims, renewing their fire, offered a solemn prayer of thanksgiving and confidence, and sat down to breakfast.

After this came an exploration, which showed the small size and compact nature of the island, as well as its total lack of inhabitants. This tour was followed by an informal council about the fire, wherein it was resolved to remain during the day, which was Saturday, upon the island, drying and cleaning their weapons, rigging a temporary mast for the shallop, baling and drying her, and restoring by rest and comfort some measure of strength to the feebler members of the party. Also, and this not the least consideration, the next day being Sunday, they would thus be prepared to observe it with that decency and recollection which were part of their religion.

The plan arranged, all set heartily to work to carry it out, the sailors going aboard to bale the boat, and Clarke and Alderton undertaking to fit the new mast. A proud young cedar, growing straight and tall among his slender admirers, was soon found, and as the white man's axe for the first time since cedars grew upon Clarke's Island bit into the heart of one of their number, we well might fancy that, mingling with the east wind and the sound of the surf on Salthouse Beach rose the echo of the dirge, startling the sailors of Egean shores, long before, —

"Pan is dead! Great Pan is dead!"

Late in the afternoon when all the work was done, and the men sat or lay around the fire enjoying the Sabbatical repose long distinguishing the New England Saturday evening, Carver, Standish, Bradford, and Winslow climbed the hill rising sharply above their camping-ground, and paused by what is now called Sunset Rock to look about them.

"Clarke's Island is but a small addition to King James's territory," said Winslow with his subtle smile, as he glanced over the ninety acres of woodland lying around him.

"Our own England is not very large," replied Carver quietly, "but she hath long arms."

"And I," cried Standish gayly, "am but a little fellow, and yet am not in the way of calling upon bigger men to protect me! Despise not the day of small things, Master Winslow, albeit you carry your head some inches higher than mine."

"There is a great rock showing above the scrub oaks to the north," said Bradford pointing in that direction. "Let us climb it and see what lieth beyond."

"Have with you, brother!" responded Standish, and forcing their way through the stunted growth covering this higher and bleaker portion of the island the four men soon stood at the base of an enormous bowlder about thirty feet in height, brought hither in some glacial overflow of the forgotten years.

On the southern side a deep crevice, worn by many rains, offered a foothold, even as it does to-day, and in a moment the four Pilgrim chiefs stood upon the summit and looked about them.

The sun was setting in lavish gorgeousness, while in the deep blue vault arching overhead tiny points of light showed where the stars waited impatiently to take their places and glorify the night.

The sea, almost black in its depth of color, dashed

mournfully upon the rocks fallen from the high northern and western bluffs, and across the wintry flood lay the shores of what was to be Duxbury, running out at the south into a peninsula, terminating in a bold summit. This was Captain's Hill, and the Captain standing there looked at it all unconsciously and said:—

"Yonder is a spot that might be made into a goodly hold against any foe. With a piece or two properly mounted on that fair height, and a palisado cutting off the headland from the main, it would fall into as pretty a little fortalice as could be asked."

"Too small a seat for our whole company, howbeit," said Carver scrutinizing the spot.

"And we must seek a river with commodious harbor for our fishing fleet," added Winslow, not knowing the capacities then of Jones's River and Green Bay, hard by Captain's Hill, where he was to spend the honorable evening of his days.

"Fishing!" echoed Standish contemptuously. "It is like those good dry-salters and drapers of London town, who have helped out our enterprise, to expect us, landing on this barren shore in the depth of winter, to fall on fishing before we break our fast, or build a shelter for our wives and children. Our first work is to subdue the salvages, to cut down the forest, to build houses, and plant crops. If we reach the fishing by this day twelvementh we shall have done well."

"I fear me the Adventurers of whom you speak so slightingly will hardly be of your mind," replied Winslow coldly.

"Then let them come over here and collect their profits for themselves," retorted Standish. "And well would I like to see Thomas Weston and Robert Cush-

"But, dear friend, it is you who still must be our governor, our reliance, our father!" exclaimed Bradford eagerly, but Carver turned away and began the steep descent.

Those whom he left looked earnestly in each other's faces, yet said nothing. A future grander, and more terrible than they had imagined, seemed suddenly defined before them, and each dimly felt the burden and the honor of his own part therein laid upon him.

As thus they stood, three noble figures clearly defined against the amber of the evening sky, Richard Warren and Stephen Hopkins appeared upon the crest of the hill and paused to look about them.

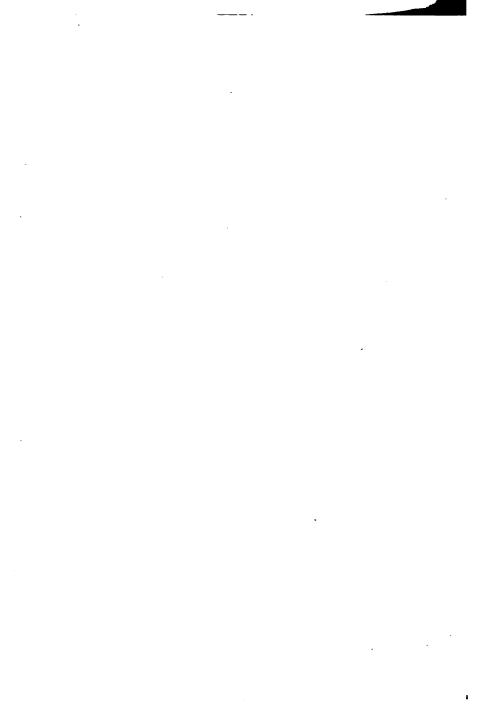
"See yonder figures, looking as cut out of stone, and set up for idols in the high places of Baal," sneered Hopkins. "These be our masters, Warren, if so be we yield to them."

Warren, a genial, honest gentleman of London, who had thrown his entire patrimony, as well as his earnest soul, into this enterprise, shook his head and laughingly replied,—

"Thou'rt ever too jealous, Stephen, for thine own comfort. Our brethren, all unconscious that they make so fine a show up there, are giving their best and their all to the common weal, and so are we. If their best, chance to be gold, and ours but iron, think'st thou God will value the one offering above the other? I trow not man, and I am for my part well content as matters stand."

"Nay," persisted Hopkins, "but mark you how constantly they slight us and Dotey, because we are out of England, and not of Holland, and so not of Robinson's congregation?"

Three noble figures clearly defined against the amber of the evening sky





 "Nay," replied Warren pacifically; "I had liefer mark the many times we are called to Council and to share in whatever good may be toward. And mark you, Hopkins, you and I are the fathers of many children, and those men have none as yet, and this land whose foundations must be laid in our blood, if need be, shall become the inheritance of those we leave behind. Please God, my five girls, coming hither so soon as I have a roof to shelter them, shall become the mothers of soldiers and statesmen, maybe of kings, for who knoweth what is to come when the seed sown in tears shall be reaped in joy!"

Hopkins answered only by a contemptuous sniff, and the triumvirate descending from their pedestal, all six men returned amicably to the camp.

CHAPTER VIII.

BURYING HILL.

Much has been said and written of the Sunday spent by the advanced guard of Pilgrims upon Clarke's Island, and a very modern tradition points to the great rock in the centre of the island as the scene of their devotions. Nothing, however, is less probable than that this handful of men, with no pastor or even presiding elder among them, should leave their encampment under the bluff, and the neighborhood of their boat, to travel inland to this bleak and exposed bowlder, there to set one of their number to exhort the rest. Carver certainly was a deacon of Robinson's congregation, yet this office gave him no spiritual authority, but rather the duties of a warden in the mother church, nor was the governor a man to assume any authority not his own; so although he led the informal service held in that sheltered nook, upon the shore, Winslow and Bradford and Hopkins were the chief speakers, while John Howland in his melodious and powerful voice raised a psalm that made the welkin ring, and Richard Warren stoutly cried Amen to all the rest.

Standish, his arms folded and one hand resting upon the hilt of Gideon, stood a little apart, his head reverently bared in the prayers, and with a rough attempt at melody echoing Howland's psalm; but during the exhortations or prophesyings, he strode softly up and down the beach, or mounting upon the bluff swept sea and land with the keen glances of eyes that nothing escaped. Occasionally a fervent word would be sped in his direction from one or another, and many a prayer, as before and after that hour, was urged that this bulwark of the church against her secular foes might become her obedient son. When thus exhorted or prayed for the captain's face became a study, sometimes so impenetrably obtuse, sometimes so rigid in its obstinacy, sometimes touched with shrewd amusement, and sometimes moved to tender sympathy, but never to conviction or even doubt, and as the years went on, those who loved him most, even Bradford and Alden and Brewster, ceased all effort to bring this precious comrade into their own fold, but learned to accept him as he was.

Monday broke with clear and gracious skies and a sea only pleasantly rippled with its late commotion. Refreshed and cheered by their long rest the Pilgrims were early afoot, and at a good hour the cleaned and furbished arms were packed in the shallop, the sail, bent to its new mast, was unfurled to its fullest spread, and the eighteen men, each at his own post, eager and hopeful. It had been resolved to proceed no farther in search of Coppin's harbor, which afterward proved to be Cut River and the site of Marshfield, but to explore the landlocked harbor lying before them.

Carefully sounding as she went, the shallop felt her way through the Cow Yard or Horse Market, around Beach Point, and having the flood tide with her rode triumphantly over Dick's Flat and Mother White's Guzzle, until finally, with furled sails and her head to the wind, she lay within a biscuit toss of the shore.

"See, there are cleared fields and a river full of fish,

and all things ready to our hand," cried Howland excitedly.

- "Bring her up to the beach, then, and we will land and explore," replied Carver, smiling at the young man's enthusiasm.
- "There is a rock a few rods ahead set ready for a stepping-stone," announced Howland standing in the bows.
- "Lay her up to it, men," growled English, and in a moment the bows of the shallop caressingly touched the cheek of that great gray Rock, itself a pilgrim, as has well been said, from some far northern shore, brought here by the vast forces of Nature, and laid to wait in grand patience, until the ages should bring it a name, a use, and a nation's love and honor.
- "Jump then, lad, and see thou jump not five fadom deep, as thou didst out there in mid-seas!" cried Hopkins, and Howland leaping lightly from the boat to the rock cried in his blithe voice,—
- "And I seize this mainland for King James, even as Master Clarke did you island."
- "Only thou dost not claim it for thine own under the king as he did," replied Coppin.
- "It seemeth to me," said Carver as he stepped on shore, "as if this place were fairly laid down on Smith's map that we were studying. Think you not so, Master Winslow?"
- "Ay, I believe it is the place he hath called Plymouth after our English town."
- "Why, then, if we are minded to tarry here, it were well befitting that we should continue the name, for our Plymouth brethren cheered and comforted us marvelously in our sad outsetting," replied the governor, and Bradford added,—

- "They were in very truth kinder than our own."
- "'T is a better harbor than English Plymouth can boast," said Coppin turning to survey the bay.
- "Harbor! English Plymouth's harbor is no better than a slaughter pen! Not less than ten good ships were pounded to pieces there in the last year," said the sailor Alderton.
- "Yes, 't is worse than the Goodwin Sands, if that can be," echoed English.
- "While here is a haven most artificially contrived for safety, with its overlapping arms and islands," cried Clarke.
- "Ay, the islands, Clarke's Island above all, are such as all England cannot match!" jeered Coppin, while Howland, followed by the rest, began to climb the bluff in front of them, choosing almost by instinct the easy ascent around its base, now known as Leyden Street. A little above the future site of the Common house they paused to take breath and to consult.
- "Yes, here is cleared land enow for any crop we can plant in a year to come," said Dotey, looking approvingly along Cole's Hill.
- "And I hear the tinkle of water falling upon water," cried Bradford gazing down toward the outlet of Town Brook. "There must be springs yonder."
- "But fuel would needs be lugged on men's backs further than I for one could fancy," grumbled Hopkins glancing at the woods nowhere very near.
- "We can scarce hope for arable land and dense forest in one plot of ground," remarked Winslow dryly.
- "Let us march into the land and explore it fully," suggested Carver. "Every man should carry his piece with lighted match, but the rest of the gear may well be

left in the boat under charge of the shipmen. Master Gunner I advise thee to stay behind also. If we meet with the Indians and there is any opening for trucking I promise thee thy full share and advantage."

"He who stays by the stuff shall share with him who goeth to the battle," quoted Standish, who was well versed in what may be called the military history of the Bible.

"'T is a venerable law, Captain, and out of a faultless code," replied Carver reverently.

"Come on, then, brethren!" cried Hopkins striding up the steep face of Burying Hill. The rest followed, and on the crest stopped to admire the magnificent view spread out in the clear light of the wintry morning.

"Yon is a sightly point for a town," said Warren pointing to Watson's Hill.

"Too far from the shore," replied Carver.

"And from those tinkling springs for whose water I already am athirst," added Bradford.

"Hm! hm!" growled Standish plucking at his beard and pacing to and fro; "here is the place for a stronghold, Master Carver, just here where we are standing. See you now, from a breastwork thrown up hereabout and mounted with a minion or two a man could sweep off an army. "T is but a pretty shot to the rock whereon we landed, and where any but a fool would choose to land, since it is the only dry-shod landing on the beach; and here we have Bradford's springs well in range, and this ascent by which we have clomb thither. Why, it is a little Gibraltar ready to our hand. Then if the salvages approach by land, from yon fair hill which Warren advises, our heavier guns will meet

them half way, and our smaller metal mow them down at close quarters. We are well set forth in gun-metal, Governor, for I saw to it myself; not only minions, but sakers and falcons and bases, not to mention each man's piece, which I fain would have had all snaphances like mine own. Ay, we are well armed, and here is our fortalice."

"But not to my mind our dwelling, Captain," replied Carver pleasantly. "Mind you, half our company are women and children, and it were hard for them to be cooped up in a fort or to descend and climb again this shrewd ascent whenever they were athirst. I say not but that a fortification here were admirable when we come at it, but methinks our dwellings were better placed under its protection than within it."

"Along this course we have just trod from the rock," suggested Winslow.

"And tending toward the springs," added Bradford with a smile.

"Nay, man, come and drink since thou'rt so sore athirst," cried Hopkins clapping him on the back. "If 't were a spring of Hollands now, or even a double strike of English ale, I'd race thee for it, but never yet did I find my stomach clamor for cold water."

"'T is very delicate water for all that," declared Bradford as the two men, stumbling down the steep descent of Spring Lane, reached and stooped to drink of the spring at its foot.

"Too delicate for me," retorted Hopkins; "fitter for maids than men."

"Well, beer is brewed of water as well as of barley and hops," declared Bradford; "and thou'st only to raise the grain and this fair spring will turn it into beer for thee at thy pleasure." "And here be blackberry briers for my dame to brew her wild-berry wines, and lo you now, this is sassafras whose roots are worth their weight in gold to the chirurgeons, and these are strawberry leaves."

"And we have seen cherry and plum stocks in abundance the way we came," declared Bradford as the rest of the party straggled down the hill.

"Excellent sand and gravel for building," said Warren crumbling the soil around the spring. "Ay, and here is clay to shape into pots and pans when the goodwives have broken all they bring."

"Methinks it hath a look of fuller's clay, and so is almost as well for us as soap," said Howland taking up some and washing his hands in the brook. "There, now, see you its use!"

"Have with you, friend," cried Winslow, daintiest of the pioneers. "Surely cleanliness being next to godliness tendeth somewhat to the same satisfaction!"

The exploration, carried as far as Eel River at the south and Murdoch's Pond westerly, lasted until night, when the Pilgrims bivouacked on the shore, supping merrily on some great clams dug by the sailors and wild fowl shot by Howland and Dotey. Before they slept under the sheltering brow of Cole's Hill it was pretty well decided that Plymouth, as they began at once to call it, should be their permanent dwelling-place, more especially as in their day-long explorations they had seen no natives or even their dwellings, and the site seemed for some reason abandoned to their occupancy.

But the joyous return with good news to those on board the Mayflower was turned into grief and dismay by the tidings awaiting the explorers.

Dorothy Bradford was dead. How it could have

happened, or just when, no one knew, but on the very day after her husband's departure she had gone quietly on deck while the rest of the company were at supper and never was seen again; nor till the sea gives up its dead shall any know the story of that poor overwrought soul's last fierce struggle and defeat.

Nor can we speak of the young husband's anguish, and it may be self-reproach, in that awful hour. He speaks not himself of this matter in his journal, save in briefest words; nor dare we intrude upon such matters as lie between a man and his God. But this we may say, that as Jacob, wrestling with the angel and overcoming, went halting all his days from the wound of that strange conflict, so Bradford's face when he again took his place among his fellows told of years forever consumed in one terrible struggle.

CHAPTER IX.

ROSE.

- "MYLES!"
- "Ay, sweetheart, here am I."
- "A little drink nay, I want it not. I was dreaming thy cousin Barbara was making a sallet, and I was fain to taste it, it looked so cool and fresh, and I wakened. I would well like some sallet, Myles."
- "As soon as the day dawns, my Rose, I will go and look for herbs. I marked some sorrel on the hill yester e'en, albeit something dry and sere."
 - "Why doth the ship roll so sorely, Myles?"
- "Thou 'rt not on shipboard, child, but in our little hospital here ashore. Mindest thou not how thou didst mourn and cry to me, 'Take me ashore, Myles, take me ashore, that I may breathe sweet air and live.' So I lapped thee in blankets and brought thee, to-morrow is a se'nnight. Like you not this sweet new dwelling?"
- "Well enow; but sweet air will not make me live if the time hath come for me to die." And the sick girl smiled wanly, inscrutably, the smile of one who knows what he will not say.

The face of the fearless soldier grew white with terror, and almost angrily he replied, —

- "Hush, child! Thy time to die hath not come. Never think it, for it shall not be."
 - "Nay, Myles, thou canst not daunten Death with thy

stern voice and masterful eye, though thou canst quell a score of other foes with one glance."

And Rose, moving her frail little hand toward the sinewy fist clenched upon the bed-covering, slid a finger within its grasp, and went softly on with a pathetic ring of gayety in her voice, —

- "I was dreaming, too, of home, mine own old home. I was gathering cowslips in the meadow at St. Mary's, and mother stood by with little Maudlin in her arms. They smiled, both of them, ah how sweetly they smiled upon me, and I filled my pinafore with the cowslips, soft, cool, wet cowslips, I feel them in my hand now, so cool, so wet! Myles, I fain would have those cowslips, may I not?"
 - "Child! Child! Thou'lt break my heart!"
- "Mother and Maudlin both died the year I saw thee first, dost remember, Myles?"
- "Try to sleep a little, my darling. I will say thee a psalm, or perhaps one of those old Manx ballads thou didst use to lilt so lightly."
- "Mistress White says they are ungodly, and a snare of Satan," replied Rose dreamily, and before Myles could utter the wrathful comment that quivered upon his lips she went on,—
- "It was across her grave I saw thee, dear, dost mind thee of that hour?"
 - "Thy mother's grave? ay, I mind me."
- "Yes, thou camest with thy cousin Barbara to seek thy grandsire's gravestone and to search out the muniments of thy race. Thou'lt never lay hands on that inheritance, Myles."
- "I care not, so thou wilt get strong and well again, my Rose, my Rose!" And with a groan but half

driven back upon his heart, the soldier turned his head aside and set his teeth upon his trembling lip. But Rose, more alive in the past than the present, rambled on in her sweet, weak voice, —

"'Not only this wild hunting ground and ruined lodge where we abide, but many a fair manor in England, and many a stately home is his,' that was what Barbara told me about thee afterward; and when I praised thy presence, for I loved thee or ever I knew it myself, she straightened her neck and said full proudly, 'Ay, and not only a goodly man, but a brave soldier and noble soul.' 'T was she who first saw that thou lovedst me, Myles, and came and wept for joy upon my neck."

"Peace, peace, dear child. Thou wastest thy strength in talking overmuch. Sleep, canst thou not, dear heart?"

"Dost think that Barbara will come hither? She promised me surefast that she would so soon as there was a company ready. She said it was so lonely there in Man when I was gone. Will she come, think you, Myles?"

"Like enow, sweetheart. Barbara mostly carries out what she promises. But"—

"And thou'lt be very, very good to thy cousin, wilt thou not, Myles? Thou'rt all she has now."

"Surely both of us will be good to our kinswoman, dear wife, and all the more that, as thou sayest, it was by going to visit her that I first saw thee, blooming like a very rose in that gray old Manx churchyard."

"I was ever friends with Barbara, but I loved her all the more for thy sake, dear. And she was well pleased that we two should wed—leastways she said so."

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"And if she said it she meant it, for in all the years she tarried in my mother's house I never knew her tell a lie or wear two faces. But now, verily, child, I must have thee rest. Speak not again unless thou needest somewhat. I will have it so, my Rose."

"Then let me lay my hand in thine. There, then, good-night."

"Good-night, mine own."

And while the winter night lapsed through hours of deadly chill and darkness into the sad twilight of early morning the soldier sat motionless, holding that fragile hand, gazing upon that lovely face, lovely yet so changed from the cherubic beauty that had won his heart amid the summer fields of Man but three short years before.

What he thought, what he felt in those hours, he could not himself have revealed, for a man's emotion is usually in inverse proportion to its expression, and Myles Standish was essentially a man of action and not of words; but God only knows how these strong inarticulate natures suffer in the agony that divides bone from marrow, and yet leaves the sufferer conscious of the capacity to live and to suffer yet again and again.

In some respects this vigil resembled that of Bradford in hearing of Dorothy's death, in some it was widely different, for with Bradford's grief was mingled self-reproach and keen introspection; he weighed his own life, he found it wanting, he condemned it, and offering his suffering as righteous penance, he extolled the justice of God, and submitted himself as a culprit to the scourge.

But Standish thought neither of the justice of God nor of his own demerits, nor had he skill or practice for introspection. "A man under authority and having soldiers under him," he both rendered and expected obedience, prompt, entire, and unquestioning. His was a nature of loyalty so magnificent as to need no buttresses of reason, or of self-distrust, a loyalty so sweet as to be unconscious of itself, a loyalty so entire that the soul could not get outside of it to consider it objectively.

The order came from the King of kings, and it was to be obeyed, or endured; the King could do no wrong.

Nor indeed had he been skilled to search, could Myles have found matter for self-reproach in all his dealings with the child dying at his side.

Busy from his boyhood in the pursuit of arms, and loving his mother with all the force of his great nature, the man had cared little for other women, turning with scorn from the meretricious charms of those he encountered in camp or among his comrades, and finding no time or inclination to seek others, so that except for the light fancies of an hour, or the calm affection for his cousin Barbara, whom he found on one of his visits to his home in Chorley giving a daughter's tendance to his mother, Standish had passed his three and thirtieth birthday ignorant of the nature of love, and mocking at its power.

But the first glance at the lovely girl weeping beside her mother's grave warned him that a new hour had struck, and a new foe opposed him; nor was he long in making full and frank surrender to an authority as strong as it was gentle, and as tyrannous as sweet.

Motionless and erect the soldier sat the long night through, and as if she gathered strength from the grasp of his healthy hand, Rose slept quietly until the sun rose, and the women still well enough to wait upon the sick came softly in.

Then she opened her eyes, fixed them upon his with a tender smile, and said, —

The soldier sat motionless, holding that fragile hand

.... .: ... ·



- "Poor Myles! Thou hast watched all night while selfish I held thee and slept. But now begone and get thine own rest and food. I shall do well with these kind friends."
- "I'll leave thee, then, for a little, but I shall not be far away, and if thou needest, send," replied her husband releasing his hand from the frail yet burning grasp that still held him. "Dame Turner, thou'lt see that I am called if she asks for me, wilt thou?"
- "Surely, Captain, but she is doing bravely this morning, and you had better rest."
- "Nay, but let her not ask twice for me, or aught else."

Leaving the house, and drawing one or two eager breaths of fresh air, Standish climbed the hill where already the fortification he had proposed was nearly complete, though not yet armed. Stepping upon a great beam, squared but not laid in place, he stood looking around him as if to see what Nature and his own work could offer to fill the great gulf opening in the future.

A light fog still clung to the face of the water and hung in the hollows of the hills; shrouded in its folds the Mayflower lay like a spectre ship, ugly, unsafe, full of discomfort and misery, but yet the only link between this handful of dying men and their home. Standish gazed at her with a gathering darkness upon his face, until the burden of his thought broke out in a savage murmur, —

"Couldst not make thy way through yonder shoals and bring us to the fair shores I told her of! If it be thy fault, Thomas Jones!"—

The slow elenching of a jaw square and strong as a mastiff's finished the sentence, and Standish's eyes came

back to the rude hut where all he loved lay dying, perhaps through this man's fault. At his feet lay the sketch as it were of the town he and his comrades had laid down in outline, and intended to build up as time and strength allowed. Already Leyden Street, or The Street, as it was at first called, lay a distinct thoroughfare from the Rock to the Fort, the eastern and western extremities of the village. Along this street were staked out plots of land, some larger and some smaller in the proportion of eight feet frontage to each person in a family, the single men, and those women and children already left desolate, being divided among the householders, and the whole company reduced to nineteen families.

Standish's own house, not yet finished, lay nearest to the Fort, which with its armament were to be his especial charge, and several of the single men had been appointed to his family. Their own illness, and that of Mistress Standish had, however, interfered with this arrangement, and only John Alden shared the house as yet with Standish, the two men sometimes eating at the Common house, the only one except the hospital really finished, and sometimes cooking for themselves such food as they could lay hands upon, for the house, unlike some of the others, already boasted a chimney laid up of sticks and clay, and showed a generous fireplace in the larger or living room which, with two little sleeping-rooms and a loft, comprised the whole accommodation.

Upon this little home so hopefully begun, so neglected during the last ten days, Myles gazed long and wistfully, smiling sadly as he saw Alden come out and look up and down the street for him, finally going to seek him in the Common house, a substantial structure some twenty feet square, built of hewn oakon logs, fitted together as closely as possible, and the crevices stopped with clay, which freely washed out in stormy weather.

The roof, like all the rest, was covered with thatch formed of dried reeds and grasses, and the windows were filled with oiled linen instead of glass, still an article of costly luxury. Above the Common house stood the building which the increasing mortality of the colony had demanded as a hospital, and below it was the storehouse, where most of the common stock of goods was collected, although some of the passengers and their possessions still remained on board the brig, where Jones gave them but scant hospitality or kindness.

Folding his arms more closely as the chill wind of February swept in from seaward, Standish gazed upon all these objects as if they for the first time attracted his attention, and then, as the lifting fog revealed the distant landscape, he turned and fixedly regarded Captain's Hill rising in its bold isolation to the north. Long he gazed, and then, slightly shaking his head, stepped down from the beam and paced about the little enclosure, half unconsciously examining the work of platform and parapet, and following with a gunner's eye the range of the pieces yet unmounted; pausing longest before the eastern front, he marked with satisfaction how well the minion there to be placed would guard the landing and sweep the solitary street, and even knelt to look along its imaginary barrel.

Rising he brushed the soil from his knees with almost a smile, muttering, —

"Ay, lad, thou'rt needed, thou'rt needed, and he who is needed has no right to desert his post."

But suddenly the smile faded, for as he turned to

leave the Fert his eyes fell upon Cole's Hill, where but a few rods from the Common house, and under its protection, they had dug the graves of those already dead, and where lay room enough for many more. But his battle fought, and his mind resolved, Myles was too much master of himself to need a second conflict, and setting his lips firmly beneath the tawny moustache that shaded them, he strode down the hill, and at his own door found John Alden waiting for him and changing greetings with a party of four men armed with sickles and attended by two dogs.

"Wish you good-morrow, Captain," said the foremost, a sturdy young fellow with a pleasant English face.

"Good-morrow Peter Browne, and you, John Good-man," replied the captain cordially. "Whither away?"

"To cut thatch in the fields nigh you little pond," replied Browne pointing in a westerly direction. "And I am taking Nero along to give account of any Indians that may be lurking there."

"And John Goodman's spaniel to rouse the game for Nero to pull down," said Standish with a smile. "Well, God speed you."

And turning into the unfinished house he found Alden watching him with a look of silent friendliness and sympathy more eloquent than words; returning the greeting as mutely and as heartily, Standish would have passed into his own bedroom, but the younger man interposed,—

"Thou 'It break thy fast, Captain, wilt thou not? All is ready and waiting your coming; some of the bean soup you liked yester even, and some fish"—

"Presently, presently, good John! I would but bathe and refresh myself. Nay, look not so doubt-

ingly after me, friend. I am a man, and know a man's devoir."

He spoke with a smile as brave as it was gentle, and passing in closed the door.

"Doth he know she is dying!" muttered John throwing himself upon a bench; "and Priscilla sickening and her mother dead!"

CHAPTER X.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

As Standish entered his own house the four men to whom he had spoken passed on around the base of the hill, and reaching a tract of swampy land covered with reeds and rushes suitable for thatching, they set to work cutting them and binding in bundles ready for use. For some hours they wrought industriously, until Peter Browne, commander of the expedition, straightened his back, stretched his cramped arms, and gazing at the sun announced,—

- "Noontime, men. We'll e'en rest and eat our snack."
- "Art thou o' mind to come and show me the pond where thou sawest wild fowl t' other day?" asked John Goodman, townsman and friend of Browne's.
- "Ay, will I. Take thy meat in thy hand and come along," replied Browne. "And we may as well finish our day there, sith this spot is well nigh stripped. Margeson and Britteridge, when you have fed, you can bind the rushes that are cut, and then come after us as far as a little pond behind that hill, due west from here I should say. You 'll find it easily enough."
- "Oh, ay, we'll find it," replied Margeson, a rough companion, but a good worker. "Go on mates, and take your dogs with you, for they're smelling at the victuals enough to turn a man's stomach. Get out you beast!" and raising his foot he offered to kick Nero,

who growled menacingly and showed a formidable set of teeth.

"Have a care, man!" cried Browne angrily. "Meddle with that dog and he'll make victual of thee before thou knowest what ails thee. "T is ever a poor sign when a man cannot abear dogs or children."

And the two friends, followed by the mastiff and spaniel, walked rapidly away. Two hours passed while Margeson and Britteredge, not greatly in haste, finished their lunch and tied and stacked the reeds already cut. Then shouldering their sickles they leisurely skirted the hill in front of them, and after a little search came upon the pretty sheet of water now called Murdoch's Pond.

"This will be the place," said Margeson looking about him; "but where is pepperpot Browne?"

"Or his dog?" suggested Britteridge slyly.

"Whistle and the beasts will hear us if the men do not," said Margeson suiting the action to the word. No answer followed, and both men together raised a yet shriller note, followed by shouts, halloos, and various noises supposed to carry sound to the farthest limits of space. But each effort died away in dim and distant echoes among the hills, and after a while the men looked at each other in half angry discouragement.

"They've played us a trick," said Margeson; "they're hiding to mock at us, or they've gone back to the village some other way."

"Nay," replied Britteridge pacifically; "they 're not such babes as to play tricks like that. See, here are goodly reeds; let us cut and bind some while we tarry, and Browne will be back anon."

Grumbling and unconvinced Margeson still complied, and for a while longer the two worked fitfully, paus

ing now and again to look about them, to listen, or to shout.

At last, by tacit consent, both threw down their tools, and with slow, half-fearful gaze surveyed the scene. It was a dismal one. The sun had reached the tops of the pines, and already the water lay in black shadow at their feet, rippled by the small, bitter breeze creeping in from seaward, and stirring the sedge into faint whisperings and moanings; night birds, awaking in the depths of the forest, uttered querulous cries, and strange, vague sounds within the covert suggested prowling beast or savage creeping near and nearer.

"Ugh! 't is a grewsome spot as ever I saw," said Margeson as softly as if he feared to be overheard. "Certes the men have gone home some other way, and the sun is setting. Let us be after them, say I."

"And say I," replied Britteridge readily, and without more words the two men hurried away, and in a brief half hour presented themselves before the governor with news that their comrades were not to be found, either in the field or the town, and doubtless were lost in the forest or captured by the Indians.

Carver, ever as ready to act as to command, armed himself at once, and summoning such men as were on shore led them to the wood, where by calling, firing their pieces, and kindling torches they protracted the search far into the night, and when forced to give it up until daylight returned to the Common house for united and fervent prayers and supplications.

Early in the morning another search party, headed by Stephen Hopkins, with Billington as scout, entered the woods, but having traversed a radius of seven or eight miles returned at night weary, footsore, and with no tidings. News of the loss was carried on board the Mayflower, and a heavy sense of misfortune and danger settled upon the little community already depressed by disease and want.

The men thus mourned were meantime in nearly as evil case as was feared.

Just before arriving at the pond, while munching their frugal lunch and discussing the prospect of game, they espied a splendid stag who had evidently been disturbed while drinking, and stood with head erect and dilated eyes gazing upon the first white men he had ever seen, and perhaps foreboding the war of extermination they had come to wage on him and his.

"Oh for a piece!" cried Browne raising an imaginary gun to his shoulder. "Seize him, Nero! Take him, good dog! Hi! Away, away!"

Nero needing no second invitation uttered a deep bay and set off, followed by the spaniel, yelping to the extent of her powers, while the two men, reckless of the fact that they were unarmed save with sickles, and could never hope to overtake the deer on foot, bounded after as fast as they could lay legs to the ground, nor paused until utterly blown and exhausted and the chase out of sight and hearing.

"Hah!" panted Browne flinging himself upon the ground; "I have n't been breathed like that since I ran in the foot-race at home in Yorkshire five year agone. Phew!"

Goodman only replied by inarticulate groans and wheezes, and while he yet struggled for breath Nero came trotting back through the woods with a mortified and contrite expression pervading his body from eloquent eyes to abject tail, while Pike, as the spaniel was called,

followed at some distance with an affected carelessness of demeanor as if she would have it clearly understood that she had been running solely for her own pleasure, with no idea of chasing the deer. The men laughed, and patting their favorites allowed them to lie and rest for some moments; then as the air grew chill they rose and strolled in the direction, as they supposed, of the clearing where they had left their comrades. wood was thick, and several swampy hollows induced detours; the sun was obscured by the gathering snow clouds, and neither man was skilled in woodcraft; while the dogs, roaming at pleasure, were more intent upon tracing various scents of game than of finding the way Thus it came that as darkness began to gather visibly among the crowding evergreens, and the last tinge of sunlight was buried in thickening clouds, the two men stopped and looked each other squarely in the face.

"Yes, John," said Browne reading the frightened eyes of his younger and less courageous companion. "Yes, lad, we're lost, and I doubt me must pass the night in the woods."

"And we lack not only food but cloaks and weapons!" exclaimed Goodman looking forlornly about him, and stooping to pat Pike, who scenting disaster in the air had returned whimpering to her master's side.

"If we could but find some deserted hut of the salvages, or some of their stored grain, or even the venison we disdained the other day," suggested Browne.

"We've seen no trace of such a thing to-day," replied Goodman disconsolately.

"Come on, then, and let us look while daylight lingers. Mayhap the dogs will lead us out if we put them to it. Hi, Nero! Home boy, home! Seek!"

Nero whimpered intelligently and trotted on for a mile or so, but with none of that appearance of conviction which sometimes gives to an animal's proceedings the force of an inspiration. Browne, who knew his dog well, felt the discouragement of his movement, and finally stopped abruptly.

"Nay, he knows no home in this wilderness and feels no call to one place more than another. 'T is past praying for, John; we must e'en make up our minds to sleep here. Suppose that we lie down in the lee of these nut-bushes, call the dogs to curl up beside us, and try to keep life going till morning; no doubt we shall find the way out then, or at least somewhat to eat."

"My blood is like ice already," murmured Goodman burying his hands in the spaniel's curly hair.

"If we had but flint and steel to make a fire it were something!" exclaimed Browne. "What Jack-o'-Bedlams we were to set off thus unprovided. Catch me so again!"

"But we came out to cut thatch, not to chase deer and get lost in the woods," suggested Goodman trying to laugh, though his teeth chattered like castanets.

"It will never do for thee to lie down as chilled as thou art," exclaimed Browne anxiously. "I promised thy old mother I'd have an eye to thee, and lo it is I that have led thee into this mischance! What shall I do for thee? I have it, lad! Sith it is too dark and rough to walk farther I'll try a fall with thee; there's naught warms a man's blood like a good wrestling match. Come on, then!"

"I'm no match for thee, Peter, but here goes!" replied Goodman struggling to his feet, and the two men joined there in the darkness and the wilderness in what might truly be called a "joust of courtesy," moved only by mutual love and good will, for the event proved Goodman's modesty well founded, and it was only a few moments before Browne, raising his slender opponent in his arms, set him down sharply two or three times upon his feet, saying, —

"I'll not throw thee, for that might prove small kindness. Art warmer?"

But before Goodman could answer a snarling cry broke from the thicket close at hand, and was answered by another and another voice until the air seemed filled with the cries of howling fiends.

Nero started to his feet, his eyes glowing, the hair bristling stiffly upon his neck, and with a fierce growl of defiance would have sprung forward had not his master seized him by the collar exclaiming,—

- "Nay, fool! wouldst rush on thy destruction!"
- "'T is the salvages!" stammered Goodman staring about him in the darkness.
- "Nay, 'tis lions," replied Browne. "Hopkins saith they swarm about here. We must climb a tree, John. Here is a stout one; up with thee, man, as fast as may be!"
- "But thou, Peter?" asked John clambering into the oak his friend pointed out.
- "I cannot leave Nero. He'll be gone to the lion so soon as I quit my hold of his collar, and I'll not lose him but in sorer need than this. Here, take thou the spaniel and hold her to thee for warmth."
- "Nay, I'll not be safe and thou in danger," replied the young man springing down; "and, moreover, it is deadly cold perching in a tree."
 - "Well, then, we'll both stand on our guard here,

and if the lions come we'll e'en up in the tree hand over hand and leave the poor beasts to their fate. Stamp thy feet on the ground and walk a few paces up and down, John. I fear me thou'lt swound with the cold like poor Tilley."

"I could not well be colder and live," replied Goodman faintly, as he tried to follow his friend's injunction.

The night crept on, with frost and snow and icy rain and heavy darkness, and still the wolves prowled howling around their prey, and the good dog held them at bay with savage growls and deep-throated yelps of defiance, and his master, caring more for the humble friend he had reared and brought over seas from his English home than for his own safety, held him all night by the collar, and the spaniel whimpered with cold and terror in her master's arms, and he, poor lad, suffered all the anguish of death as his feet and legs chilled and stiffened and froze like ice. A night not to be numbered in those men's lives by hours but years, a night of exhaustion, terror, and agony, a night hopeless of morning save through the exceeding mercy of God.

The gray light broke at last, however, and with it the wolves grew mute and slunk away, Nero quieted into obedience, and Browne carefully straightening his own stiffened joints and rising to his feet looked into his comrade's face and shook his head.

"John, hearken to me, lad! We're in a sore strait but we're not dead, and daylight hath broken. Hold up thy face to the sky, man, and say 'I will win through this, so help me God!' and having said it, stick to it, even as Nero would have stuck to yon lion's throat until he was clawed away in shreds. Come, try it, my lad, try it!"

Catching something of his friend's heroic spirit the poor fellow did as he was bidden, but followed the brave resolve with a piteous look into the other's face while he said.—

"My feet are froze, Peter; there is no feeling nor power in them. But lead on, and I will follow if I must crawl."

"Tarry a bit till I see" --

And not pausing to finish his sentence Browne set himself to climb the tree beneath which they had passed the night. His cramped limbs and benumbed fingers made this no easy task and more than once he was near losing his grasp and finishing the story by a headlong fall to the frozen earth, but this danger was passed also, and presently hastening down he said, —

"Well, heavy though the clouds be I can see that east is that-a-way, and not far from us rises a high hill. Come, then, lean on me; pass thy arm around my shoulders this fashion and I will help thee on. Then I will leave thee at the foot of the hill and myself climb it, and if need be some tree upon its summit. From that I shall surely catch sight of the sea, and knowing that we know all we need."

Goodman silently laid his arm around the stalwart shoulders presented to him, but found himself too weak and spent for other reply, and Browne, passing an arm around his waist, looked anxiously into his face, saying, —

"Courage, lad, courage!"

"Ay, I WILL, by God's help!" murmured the poor lad as with agony inexpressible he forced his stiffened limbs to follow one after the other.

The hill, more distant than Browne had supposed, was

only reached after two hours of agonizing effort, and at the foot Goodman sank speechless and exhausted, his eyes closed, his parted lips white and drawn. Browne looked at him despairingly, and calling the dogs made one crouch at either side close to the heart and lungs of the prostrate body, and then hastened on up the hill muttering, —

"'T is best kindness to leave him." Half an hour later he came crashing down again through underbrush and fallen branches shouting,—

"Courage, John; courage, man! From the top of the biggest tree on this hill I 've seen not only the sea, but our own harbor, and the old brig rocking away as peacefully as may be. Think of the good friends and the good Hollands gin and the good fires aboard of her. Come, rouse up, lad! Once more pluck up thy courage and remember thy resolve! "T is but another hour or so and we are there!"

And yet the good fellow knew that not one but many hours lay before them, and that it was for him to find strength and endurance for both.

Once more his cheery voice and assured courage conveyed power for another effort to the half-dead lad he almost carried in his arms, and so, with frequent pauses for rest and encouragement, the day wore past, until at last on the brow of Watson's Hill, Browne, his own strength all but spent, cried tremulously, —

"Now God be praised! here is the harbor at our feet, yonder is the Mayflower, below is the village, and but a few moments more will bring thee, John, to a bed and Surgeon Fuller's care, and me to a fire and some boiling schnapps."

"God indeed be praised!" murmured Goodman

rousing himself for the final effort; and so it came to pass that just at sunset the two crossed the brook and came hobbling down The Street amid a clamorous and joyful crowd of friends who lifted Goodman from his feet, nor paused until they brought them both into the house where abode Carver and also Fuller, the shrewd and crabbed physician and philanthropist. Here Goodman was laid upon a bed, his shoes cut from his feet, and in a few moments the governor on one side and the doctor on the other were vigorously rubbing the frozen limbs with alcohol.

- "Shall I lose my feet, Doctor?" asked the patient feebly.
- "Lose them!" cried the doctor indignantly. "Nay! what use would a footless man be to the Adventurers who sent thee out? 'T were but a knave's trick for thee to shed thy feet first thing, and I'll see to it thou dost not."
- "And that's a comfortable saying, Master Fuller," said Browne standing anxiously by.
- "Thou here, Peter Browne!" exclaimed the doctor glancing up under his shaggy brows. "What art doing here, blockhead? Get thee into bed beside a good fire, and bid Hopkins mix thee a posset such as he would have for himself. Be off, I say!"

CHAPTER XI.

THE COLONISTS OF COLE'S HILL.

THE next day both Carver and Bradford were forced to succumb under the epidemic already raging among the colonists, and in another fortnight the hospital and Common house were crowded to their utmost capacity with the beds of the ill and dying. The terrible colds taken in the various explorations, the vile food and bad air of the brig, with the want of ordinary comforts on shore, were at last bearing their fruit in a combination of scurvy, rheumatism, and typhoid fever of a malignant type. On board ship matters were even worse than on shore, and Jones, who would willingly have abandoned the settlers as soon as they were debarked, found himself, perforce, a sharer in their distress through the illness and death of his crew, and the danger of running short of provisions.

The day came at length when of all the company, numbering a hundred and one when they landed, only seven remained able either to nurse the sick or bury the dead, and hour by hour, as these met about their complicated duties, they studied each others faces, in terror of seeing the fatal signs that yet one more was stricken down, and the annihilation of the settlement one step farther advanced.

Of these seven, two were Elder Brewster and Myles Standish, and well did they prove themselves fit to be

rulers among the people, for they became servants of all, without hesitation and without affectation, nursing, cooking, dressing loathsome wounds, and ministering in all those homely ways repugnant to refined senses, and especially, perhaps, to the dignity of man. The doctor also kept on foot, although terribly worn with sleeplessness, fatigue, and rheumatism; Peter Browne, none the worse for his day and night in the woods, with Francis Eaton to help him, took charge of digging the graves and burying the dead, already in their silent colony along the brow of Cole's Hill, almost equaling their yet suffering comrades. The two remaining sound ones were Stephen Hopkins and Helen Billington, who, as the only female nurse, was called upon to attend the sick women, so far as she could; this, of course, gave but little time for each patient, and one night the doctor hurriedly said to Standish, -

"Captain, wilt have an eye to-night to those two beds in the corner? 'T is Priscilla Molines and Desire Minter, both shrewdly burned with fever, and needing medicine and care lest they should fall to raving before morning. I'd not ask thee, knowing all thou hast on hand, but goodwife Billington must not quit"—

"Nay, nay, what needs so many words," interrupted Standish. "Give me their medicine and directions, I can care for them well enow and for Bradford whose huckle-bone 1 giveth him sore distress to-night."

"I doubt me if he wins through," said the Doctor softly; "and White and Molines will never see the morning, and Mistress Winslow is going fast — well, I leave the maids and Bradford to thee."

"Ay, I'll do my best," replied Standish briefly.

¹ Hip-bone.

And so it came to pass that Priscilla Molines, moaning in her feverish unrest, felt a moist linen laid upon her brow and a cup held to her parched lips.

"Petite maman!" murmured she, and with those moistened lips kissed the hand that held the cup.

Standish sadly smiled a little, and passed on to the next bed where lay Desire Minter, not so ill, but far more requiring than Priscilla.

- "Here is thy draught, child," said the nurse kindly, as he raised her head and put the cup to her lips. Swallowing it eagerly, she lifted her jealous eyes and with a smile half cunning, half pathetic, whispered, —
- "I love thee too, but I think it not maidenly to kiss thee till I'm asked."
- "Nay, girl, thou 'rt dreaming or wild," said the Captain soothingly. "She, poor maid, is distraught, and took me for her mother. She loves me not, nor dost thou, nor do I ask any woman's love."
- "Nay, then, thou 'rt mocking me. Thou dost love her, and she loves thee, for I 've heard her say as much; but still I know one that loves thee better."
- "If thou were not so ill, Desire, I'd find it in my heart to say but there, sleep poor child, sleep! Thou knowst not what thou sayst."

And Standish turned impatiently away to Bradford who suffered excruciatingly that night with inflammatory rheumatism in the hip-joint.

The next morning Priscilla awaking refreshed, and for the moment quite herself, found her neighbor weeping passionately, yet from time to time regarding her in so peculiar a fashion that she said softly, —

- "What is it, Desire? Art thou in sore pain?"
- "It ill fits thee to pity me when it is thou that hast done me such despite," whimpered Desire sullenly.

- "I! what dost thou mean?"
- "Why, I have ever liked our Captain since first I saw him, and now his wife is dead and buried, why should he not marry me as well as another?"
- "Why not, if it pleaseth him? I forbid not the banns," replied Priscilla, the dim wraith of her old smile passing across her face.
- "Why not? Because thou hast bewitched him, thou naughty sprite, and thou knowest it."
- "What dost thou mean, Desire? Speak out and done with it, for thou weariest me sore," exclaimed Priscilla impatiently, while the fever began to streak her pallid cheek and flame in her great eyes.
- "Why, I saw you two kissing last night, and I suppose you're promised to each other," muttered the other sulkily, and Priscilla, rising on her elbow, fixed on her a glance beneath which the coward quailed, yet sullenly murmured.—
 - "Well, you did!"
- "Desire Minter, thou art lying, and thou knowest it, or else thy wits are distraught, or mine."
- "Ah, 't is well to try to edge out of it by brow-beating me, but thou canst not. I saw you two kissing. When he first came in he went and stood beside thy bed and looked down at it, biting at his beard, as is his wont when he is moved; and then he fell upon his knees, whispering something, and kissed the pillow, over and over, and when he stood up he drew his hand across his eyes, and all for love of thee. So now, then!"
- "Is that true, Desire? Can it be true that he cares for me in that fashion?" asked Priscilla falling back bewildered, for she knew no more than did Desire that hers was the bed where Rose Standish had breathed her

last sigh, and her husband had looked his last on her sweet face.

- "Certes, 't is true, and thou knowest it better than I, for when, later on, he came to give thee a drink and wet thy forehead and lips, thou didst give him back his kiss right tenderly, and mutter something of 'love' and 'darling.'"
 - "I kissed Myles Standish!" cried Priscilla wildly.
- "Ay, kissed the hand that held the cup, and when he came to me I told him I had seen it all, and that I knew before that thou lovedst him."
 - "Thou saidst I loved him!"
- "Ay, and he said he loved thee not, nor any woman, but 't was a blind, for such a weary sigh as he fetched, and turned to look again at thee."
- "I kissed him, and thou saidst I loved him, and he said he loved me not!" cried Priscilla blindly; and then with a wild cry she burst into a delirious laugh, ending in a shriek that brought Doctor Fuller from the next room.
- "What is this! what is toward!" demanded he glancing from Priscilla to Desire, who replied in her sullen tones,—
- "I know not, except that Captain Standish and Priscilla are sweethearts, and I told her I saw them kissing last night, and haply she is shamed as well she may be."
- "And well mayst thou be doubly shamed," replied the doctor sternly, "to torment her into frenzy with thy jealous fancies, and she already at death's door. Thou sawest naught, whatever thou mayst have dreamed; and mark me now, Desire Minter, I forbid thee to speak one word more, good or bad, to Priscilla

Molines while thou stayest here; and if thou heedest not, I'll put thee in another house and leave thee to shift for thyself."

Thoroughly cowed, the mischief maker promised obedience, and the doctor turned to the delirious girl, whom he finally quieted to a moaning sleep, in which he left her, muttering to himself as he went,—

"Not a month since his wife died in that bed — well —'t is no concern of mine."

And so it came about that the idea of love between Priscilla and Standish was planted in four active minds, and in time bore strange and bitter fruit.

And so the gloomy days crept on, and the sufferers and the mourners of the village which lay half-built beneath the hill passed on to take up their dwelling in the village upon the bluff, where, silent pilgrims, they lay, row upon row, hands meekly folded, lips close set, and eyes forever shut, but yet attaining all that they sought in this their pilgrimage, freedom from tyranny even of time and circumstance, freedom to worship God in spirit and in truth.

When a conqueror or a tyrant decimates his captives or his subjects, the world cries out in horror of such disregard of life, but in this instance God spared one half His people from the sorrows and the hardships they had come forth to seek, and gave them at once the reward, for which their brethren still must toil. Of the hundred and one men, women, and children who followed Gideon to the battle, but fifty were chosen to achieve the final conquest.

Among those who survived for a little time was John Goodman, who, after lying for weeks at death's door, came slowly back for a while, and in the early spring crept out in the sunshine with the faithful Pike at his heels. Trying his strength from day to day, he at last hobbled down to the brook and across, but was no sooner beyond hail of the village than two great gray wolves, stealing from a thicket, sprang upon the dog, who, not so venturesome as Nero, ran to take refuge between her master's still tender feet, causing them not a little pain.

"Fool! Again without a weapon!" exclaimed John apostrophizing himself, and picking up a good-sized stone he threw it, with a shout, at the foremost wolf, who retreated snarling to the bushes. Stumbling back toward the village as fast as he could, Goodman came presently to a pile of stout palings cut for fencing, and arming himself with one cast an anxious look behind. It was time, for the wolves, recovering courage as he retreated, were in full pursuit, with glaring eyes and lolling tongues.

Ordering Pike to crouch behind him, the young fellow stood at bay, hooting, shouting, and waving his stave in a semicircle, within whose sweep the creatures were not anxious to intrude. Weary at length of trying to surprise the fortress by a flank movement, yet reluctant to abandon the hope of seizing Pike, the wolves finally seated themselves upon their haunches at a little distance and seemed to consult, grinning and snapping their teeth from time to time at the spaniel, who cowered almost into the ground, whimpering piteously, while her master leaned upon his paling and laughed aloud, an insult to which the wolves responded by throwing back their heads and uttering howls like those of a dog baying the moon. Then suddenly leaping into the bushes they disappeared as quickly as they came,

leaving Goodman, still chuckling, to resume his path to the village.

"We'll have a merry tale for Peter Browne this evening, won't we, Pike!"

But while the brave young fellow climbed the little hill from the brook to The Street, this smiling expression gave place to one of consternation, as he beheld a column of smoke and flame issuing from the roof of the house set apart as hospital, and heard a terrified shout of.—

"Fire! Fire!"

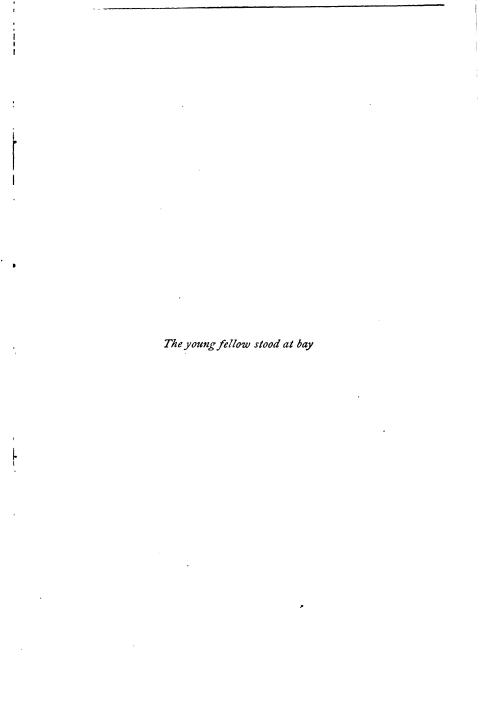
"Fire! Fire!" echoed Goodman running toward the spot as fast as his tender feet would allow.

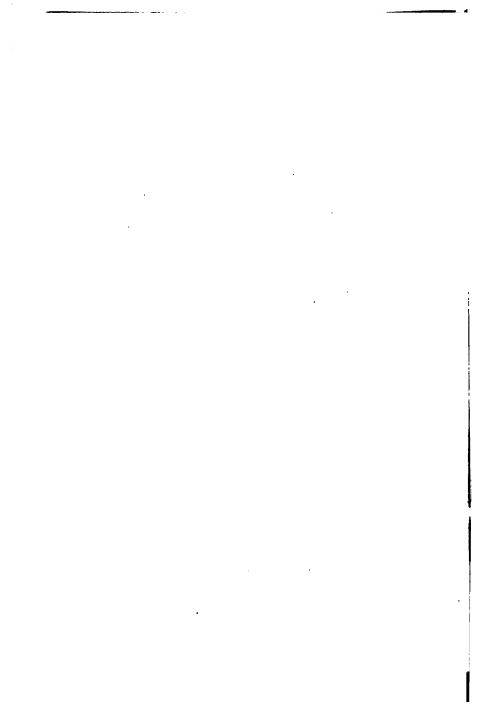
Sounder men were before him, however, and when he arrived a ladder was placed against the side of the burning house, and Alden, with Billington at his heels, was about to mount it, when Brewster exclaiming, —

"Here's no place for sick men," pushed both aside, ran up the ladder, and tearing the blazing thatch from the roof flung it down in handfuls so rapidly and effectually that in five minutes the threatened conflagration was subdued to smoking embers and a few fugitive flames here and there, where already the fire had fastened upon the poles laid to support the thatch. Some buckets of water passed up by the little crowd below soon extinguished these, and then the Elder, peeping down through the damaged roof into the room below, cried cheerily,—

"All is safe, friends, and no great harm done."

"God be praised!" exclaimed Bradford's voice from within, and Brewster softly said, "Amen!" as he descended the ladder less easily than he had mounted it. At the foot he encountered Doctor Fuller, who with







TO VINE! California Standish had just been to Cole's Hill arranging for another line of graves.

- "Let me see your hands, Elder," demanded the physician in his usual dry fashion.
- "No need, 't is naught. Go look after your sick folk," replied the Elder trying to push past, but Fuller caught him by the sleeve, exclaiming sharply,—
- "A man whose hands are needed for others as oft as thine are, has no right to let them become useless, and 't is not in reason but they are burned."
- "You're right, Fuller, and I'm but a froward child," said Brewster, a sudden smile replacing the frown of pain upon his face, and obediently opening out his burned and bleeding palms. "Come to the Common house, so as not to fright my wife within there, and do them up with some of your wonderful balsam."
- "And were it not for thought of your work, you would not have let me see them," said Fuller glancing from under his penthouse brows with a look of cynical admiration.
- "One cannot give thought to every pin-prick with such deadly sickness on all sides," replied Brewster simply. "Best go into the hospital and see if thy poor dying folk have taken any harm of the fright before thou lookest after me."

"The Captain has gone into the sick-house. I'll hold on to you," returned the Doctor curtly, and Brewster yielded with his ever gracious smile.

That evening as the Elder with his bandaged hands, Carver, gaunt and pale from an attack of fever, Standish, Winslow, John Howland, and Doctor Fuller sat at supper in the Common house, Master Jones, followed by a sailor heavily laden, presented himself at the door. "Good e'en, Masters, and how are your sick folk?" demanded he, in a would-be cordial voice.

"Thanks for your courtesy, Master Jones," replied the governor with grave politeness. "They are doing reasonably well, except some few who do not seem like to mend in this world."

"And Master Bradford? Sure he is not going to die?" pursued Jones in a voice of strange anxiety, as he sank into the great arm-chair Carver had proffered him.

"He is as low as a man can be and live," broke in the doctor gruffly, as he fixed Jones with a glance of angry reproach, beneath which even that rough companion quailed.

"He sent aboard yesterday begging a can of beer," blurted he, his brown face reddening a little.

"Yes," replied the governor sternly, "and you made answer that though it were your own father needing it, you would not stint yourself."

"I said it, and I don't deny it," retorted Jones with a feeble attempt at bluster. "But any man has a right to change his mind if he find cause, and I've changed mine as you will see, for I've brought not a can, but a runlet of beer for Bradford, and any others who crave it and are like to die wanting it; and when that is gone if Master Carver will send on board asking it for the sick folk, he shall have it though I be forced to drink water myself on the voyage home. I'll have no dead men haunting me and bringing a plague upon the ship."

"Truly we are greatly beholden to you, Master Jones," began Carver in great surprise, but the mariner raised his hand and continued,—

"Nay, hear me out, for that's not all. I went ashore

to-day and shot five geese, and here they are, all of them, not one spared, though I could have well fancied a bit of goose to my supper, but I brought all to you, and more than that, even, for here is the better half of a buck we found in the wood ready shot to our hand. The Indians had cut off his horns and carried them away, and doubtless were gone for help to carry the carcase home when we came upon it; haply they saw us coming and made a run for it; at all odds they had left him as he fell, and Sir Wolf was already tearing at his throat so busily that he knew not friends were nigh, until a bullet through his head heralded our coming. So here are the haunches for you, and I content myself with the poorer parts."

Taking the articles named from a bag which the sailor had at his direction laid upon the floor, Jones ranged them in an imposing line in the centre of the room, and resuming his chair looked at his hosts still in that conciliatory and half timid manner so utterly new to them and foreign to his usual demeanor.

"We are, indeed, deeply beholden to you, Master Jones," said Carver at length in his grave and courteous tones. "But if I may freely speak my thought, and if I read my brethren's minds aright, we cannot but muse curiously upon this sudden and marvelous change in your dealings with us, and would fain know its meaning."

"Feeling certain that Master Jones is not one to give something for nothing, and so in common prudence wishing to know at the outset what price he expects for bearing himself in Christian charity, as he seemeth desirous to do," suggested Standish with more candor than diplomacy.

"Thou'rt ever ready with thy gibes on better men

than thyself, art not?" exclaimed Jones turning angrily upon him. For reply Standish leaned back in his chair, pulled at his red beard, and laughed contemptuously; but Winslow hastily interposed with a voice like oil upon the waves.

"Our captain will still have his jest upon all of us, Master Jones, but in truth as the governor hath said, we cannot but admire at this wonderful generosity on thy part, and fain would know whence it ariseth."

"Why, sure 't is not far to seek," replied Jones with a hideous grimace intended for a conciliatory smile; "we have ever been good friends, have we not, and you all wish me well, as I do all of you. Certes, none of you would try to bring evil upon our heads, lest it fall upon your own instead, for still those who wish ill to others fall upon ill luck themselves. Is it not so, Elder?"

"Art speaking of Christian doctrine, or of heathen superstition, Master Jones?" inquired the Elder fixing his mild, yet penetrating eyes upon the seaman, who slunk beneath their gaze.

"Nay, then!" blustered he rising to his feet, "I came hither when I would fain have stayed in my own cabin aboard, and I came not to chop logic nor to be put to the question like a malefactor, but to bring help to my sick neighbors, who, to be sure, cried out for it lustily enough before they got it, but now pick and question at my good meat and drink as if 't were like to poison them. Well, that 's an end on 't, and you can take it or leave it, as you will. Good e'en to you."

"Nay, nay, Master Jones," interposed Carver hastily, as the angry man made toward the door. "Let us not part thus, especially in view of thy great kindness toward us, for which, in good sooth, we are more grateful than we have yet expressed. Let pass the over curious queries we have ventured, and sit up at the table for a little meat and drink, such as it may be. Here is some broiled fish, and here some clams "—

"I care not for eating, having finished mine own supper but now," grumbled Jones sinking back into Carver's arm-chair; "still if you'll broach you runlet of beer I'll taste a mug on't, for my throat is as dry as a chimbley."

"The beer is for our sick folk who crave it as they gather their strength," said Carver pleasantly; "but we have here a case of strong waters of our own, if that will serve thy turn."

"Why, ay, 't will serve my turn better than t' other," replied Jones drawing his hairy hand across his mouth with an agreeable smile, as he added, —

"I did but ask for the beer, thinking you who are well needed the spirits for yourselves."

"We can spare what we need for ourselves more lightly than what we need for others," said Carver in that grand simplicity of nature which fails to perceive the magnificence of its own impulses. And from a shelf above his head the governor took a square bottle of spirits, while Howland poured water from a kettle over the fire into a pewter flagon, and produced a sugar bason from a chest in the corner of the room. These, with a smaller pewter cup, he placed before the seaman who eagerly mixed himself a stiff dram, drank it, and prepared another, which he sipped luxuriously, as leaning back in his chair he looked slowly around the circle of his entertainers, and finally burst forth,—

"The plain truth is, there are no folk like these in

any latitude I 've sailed, and a man must deal with them accordingly. 'T is what I told Clarke and Coppin before I came ashore. What men but you would give another what you want yourselves, and lacking it may find yourselves in worse case than him you help? And 't is not all chat, for still I 've marked it both afloat and ashore, and the poor wretches you 've left in the ship will pluck the morsel from their own lips to put it to another's.

"So it is, that with all your losses, a kind of good luck aye follows you, and I shall not marvel if, in the end, you build up your colony here, and see good days when I am — well, it matters not where — I doubt me if priests or parsons know. But they who flout you or do you a churlish turn find no good luck resting on them, but rather a curse, — yea, I've marked that too. 'T is better to be friends than foes with some folk."

"'Timeo Daneos et dona ferentes,'" quoted Winslow in the ear of Elder Brewster, who sat watching the sailor curiously, and now suddenly said, —

"And so thy shipmen are very ill too, Master Jones!"

"Lo you, now! I said naught of it, and how well you knew. What dost mean, Elder?"

"Naught but friendly interest like thine own," replied the Elder gently, yet never removing that steadfast gaze, beneath which Jones fidgeted impatiently, and finally cried in a sort of desperate surrender,—

"Well, then, as well you know already, 't is that matter brought me here to-night. My men have sickened daily, and everything hath gone awry, since we bundled you and your goods ashore a month or so agone, when some of you were fain to tarry aboard, or at least leave your stuff there, and come and go."

- "But thou wast afeard we should drink thy beer by stealth. Nay, thou saidst it," declared Standish disdainfully.
- "Well, yes, I'll not go back of saying it," retorted Jones half abashed and half defiant. "For where else shall you find me men who will drink water if another man hath beer where they may get it?"
- "We heard from our friends on board that scurvy had broken out among the shipmen," said Carver motioning Standish to hold his peace.
- "Scurvy, and fever, and rheumaticks, and flux, and the foul fiend knoweth what beside," replied Jones desperately. "Now Clarke hath still been warning me that you were so sib with the saints"—
 - "Nay, God forbid!" ejaculated Brewster.

Jones looked at him in astonishment, then nodding his head as one who yields a point he cannot understand continued: "Well, if not the saints, whosoever you have put in their room; but Clarke says you are e'en like the warlocks of olden time who called fire out of heaven on their enemies, and it came as oft as they called; and he says Master Brewster is like some Messire Moses who dealt all manner of ill to those who crossed him; and I marked, and so did Clarke, how yester morn when I denied Bradford the beer he craved. and answered the governor in so curst a humor, three men fell ill before night, and two, who were mending, died in torment. And Clarke said, and so it seemed most like to me, that 't was you had done it, and might vet do worse; and so I would fain be friends, and I come myself to bring the beer and the meat, and I'll promise to do as much again and again; nay, I'll swear it by the toe of St. Hubert, that my mother paid gold

to kiss for me or ever I was born, yea, I'll swear it, if you masters will take off the curse, and promise to say masses, nay, nay, to say sermons and make mention of me to the Lord."

- "Knowest thou what the Apostle Peter said to one Simon Magus when he would have bought the grace of God for gold?" demanded Brewster sternly.
- "Nay, I never knew any of thy folk before," replied Jones humbly; but Winslow consulting the pacific governor with his eyes smoothly interposed, —
- "Surely we will pray for thee and for thy men, Master Jones, albeit our prayers have no more weight than those of any other sinful men, and our Elder hath neither the power nor the will to bring plagues upon our enemies. There is naught of art-magic in our practices, I do assure thee, master."
- "Well, I know not; but in all honesty I'd rather be friends than foes with men like you."
- "And friends we are most heartily," said Carver. "Our folk on board are still mending, are they not?"
- "Rigdale and Tinker are yet in bed, and their wives wait upon them, hand and foot, though fitter to be in their own beds. And not only on them, but now and again find time to run and give a drink or some such tendance to our men lying groaning at the other side the bulkhead. You mind that knave boatswain who still scoffed and swore at thy prayers, Elder, and so grievously flouted the first who fell sick among you?"

Brewster nodded, and Standish bringing his clenched fist down upon the table growled, —

- "I mind him so well that I've promised him a skin full of broken bones the first time I catch him ashore."
- "Then thou'lt be glad to know that he lies a-dying to-night," replied Jones with horrible naïvété.

"Dying!"

- "No question on 't; and this morning as he lay groaning in sore distress, and calling upon one and another to wait on him, and none had time or stomach for it, goodwife Rigdale came to the caboose for a morsel of meat after her night's watch, and hearing him she cried, 'Alack, poor soul!' and hasted to him with the very cup she was just putting to her own lips. The dog fastened to it, I promise you, and drank every drop, then gazing up at her asked a bit too late,
 - "'Hast any left for thyself?'
- "She smiled on him with that white face she wears nowadays and said, —
- "'Nay, but thou'rt more than welcome.' Then says Master Boatswain, not knowing that I heard him,—
- "'Oh, if I was set to get over this, as well do I know I am not, I would ask no better than to join your company and forswear all I have held dear. For now do I see how true Christians carry themselves to each other when they are in trouble, while we heathen let each other lie and die like dogs.'
- "So the poor wench, fit to drop as she was, knelt and began praying for him, and I stole away."
- "But do not those men care one for another in their sickness?" asked Brewster indignantly.
- "As yonder wolf tended upon the dying buck," replied Jones with a careless laugh. "To drink his blood while it was warm was his chief care, and my men part the gear of their dying messmates before their eyes. Why, one of the quartermasters, Williams, thou knowest, would fain have hired Bowman, the other quartermaster, to befriend him to the last, and promised him all his goods if he should die, or money if he got well

but the knave did but make him two messes of broth, and some kind of posset to drink o' nights, and then left him, swearing all over the ship that Williams was cozening him by living so long, and he would do no more for him though he starved, and yet the poor soul lay a-dying then."

"And Bowman had his goods?" demanded Howland sternly.

"Ay had he, or ever the breath was out of the body. Then there was Cooper, who died cursing and swearing at his wife, and her spendthrift ways, that wasted all his wage and still sent him to gather more. And there was the gunner whose whole thought was that he must quit his gear, and would have his chest stand where he could see it, and the key under his pillow to the last; and when one of your men asked would he listen to a bit of a prayer he bawled out with a curse, 'Nay, what profit was there in prayers, or who would pay him for hearkening.'

"I tell you, masters, 't is the worst port ever I made, and albeit I'm not a man of dainty or queasy stomach, it turns me sick to see and hear such things, and know that I'm master of a crew bound for hell though we called it Virginia."

"Mayhap if the Mayflower's crew had used more diligence in seeking to land us in Virginia they had not themselves made the port thou speakest of," said Standish bitterly, while Carver, sighing profoundly, pushed back from the table in sign that the conference was ended, but said in a voice of unfeigned friendliness,—

"Truly, Master Jones, thou needest and shall have our kindliest sympathy, and our prayers, for this that you tell of is a fearful condition, and a fatal for both body and soul, and well may you call upon Almighty God for pardon and for mercy. If any of your men are fain to come on shore we will receive them and give such tendance as we do to our own, and right certain am I that those of our company yet on board will do all that they are able for you. Forgetting the past, about which we might justly murmur if we would, we are ready in your necessity to reckon you as brothers, and to spend and to be spent in your service, as God giveth ability.

"Will it please thee to tarry while we hold our evening devotions, and join thy prayers to ours, that the Lord will have mercy upon all of us?"

"Yes, I'll tarry, though 't is not greatly in my way. Haply He might take it amiss if I went," muttered Jones looking about him uneasily, while Carver regarded his hopeless neophyte with divine compassion, and Elder Brewster prayed long and fervently that not only the children should be fed, but that the dogs might eat of the crumbs that fell from the table, and that in the end even the sons of Belial might be forgiven their blindness and hardness of heart, and receive even though undeservingly the uncovenanted mercies of God.

Fortunately for his good intentions the object of many of these petitions quite failed to comprehend them, and when the devotion was over rose and went away far more gently than he had come.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HEADLESS ARROW.

- "Where is the governor? Hast seen him of late, Mistress Priscilla?"
- "Nay, Peter Browne, not since breakfast; but what is thy great haste? Have the skies fallen, or our friends the lions eaten up Nero?"
- "Nay, then, 't is worse than lions; ay, here is Master Carver."
- "Here am I, Peter, and what wouldst thou with me in such haste?"
- "Why, sir, I have ill news. This morning I went a-fowling to a pond beyond that where we cut thatch and fell into such mishap, and as I lay quiet at my stand waiting till the ducks might swim my way, I saw, for I heard naught, twelve stout salvages all painted and trimmed up, carrying bows and arrows and every man his little axe at his girdle. Each glided after each like shadows upon the water, so still and smooth, and they seemed making for the town. Then as I bent my ear to the quarter whence they came I caught the far-off echo of that same fiendish cry that saluted us at the First Encounter, and would seem to be their war-cry or slogan."
 - "And then?"
- "I waited till all were past and all sound died away, and then I fetched a compass, and ran home as fast as I might to warn the company and the captain."

"And thou didst well, Peter," replied Carver musingly, while Priscilla standing in the doorway behind him, with Mary Chilton at her side, nodded mockingly, and clapped her hands in silent applause.

Turning suddenly, the governor surprised her antics, but smiling, asked, —

- "Dost know, Priscilla, whither Captain Standish went this morning?"
- "He and Francis Cooke went a-field so soon as they had done breakfast, sir, and as they carried axes and wedges in hand, it would seem they had gone to rive timber," replied Priscilla demurely.
- "Ay, like enough; but as 't is near noon, when they will be home for dinner, we will e'en wait till we have the captain's counsel, and meantime I'll see that all have their arms in readiness."
- "And I will go help to make the dinner ready," said Priscilla. "Thou canst lay the table, Mary."
- "Ay," replied the girl listlessly, and turning suddenly to hide the tears that filled her blue eyes. Priscilla looked after her, and the forced gayety faded from her own face as she put her arm about her friend's waist and led her away.
- "Nay, then, nay, then," whispered she; "no more crying, poppet! Didst thou not cry half the night in spite of all I could say?"
- "But how can I be gay, and father and mother both dead, and I so weak and ailing, and alone."
- "But, Mary, I have lost more than that," said Priscilla in a low voice, and with that hard constraint of manner common to those who seldom speak of their emotions.
 - "I know thou hast lost father, mother, brother" --

"And even the faithful servant whom I remember in the dear old home when I was a toddling child," said Priscilla gloomily.

"Ay, but some have tenderer hearts than others and feel these things more cruelly," persisted Mary weeping unrestrainedly.

Priscilla removed her arm from the other's waist and stood for a moment looking out at the open door with a mirthless smile upon her lips. Then, with one long sigh, she turned, and patting Mary's heaving shoulder said gently enough, —

"I'm more grieved for thee than I can tell, dear Mary; but still I find that to busy one's self in many ways, and to put on as light-hearted a look as one can muster, is a help to grief. See now poor Elizabeth Tilley. She hath cried herself ill, and must tarry in bed where is naught to divert her grief. Is it not better to keep afoot and be of use to others, at least?"

"Ay, I suppose so," replied Mary disconsolately.

"Well, then, lay the table, while I try if the meat is boiled. Oh, if we had but some turnips, or a cabbage, or aught beside beans to eat with it."

"Canst not make a sauce of biscuit crumbs and butter and an onion, as thou didst for the birds?" asked Mary drying her eyes.

"Sauce for birds is not sauce for boiled beef," replied Priscilla, her artistic taste shocked not a little; "but if thou'lt be good, I'll toss thee up a dainty bit for thyself."

"And me, too!" exclaimed Desire Minter, who had just come in at the door.

"And thee, too," echoed Priscilla. "But, Desire, dost know the Indians are upon us, and they'll no doubt

eat thee first of all, for thou 'rt both fat and tender, and will prove a dainty bit thyself, I doubt not."

"Well, dear maids, is the noon-meat ready?" asked Mistress Brewster's gentle voice at the door. "Dame Carver would fain have some porridge, and if thou'lt move thy kettle a bit, Priscilla, I will make it myself."

"Now, dear mother, why should you do aught but rest, with three great girls standing idle before you?" cried Priscilla gently seating the weary woman in her husband's arm-chair. "I will make the porridge while Desire lifts the beef from the pot, and Mary lays the table. Our mother is more than tired with last night's watching beside Mistress Carver."

"Nay, then, child, I'll rest a minute, since I have such willing hands to wait on me, and well I know thou art the most delicate cook among us. Dame Carver will be the gainer."

And leaning her head against the back of the chair, poor, weary Mistress Brewster closed her eyes, and even dozed, while the three girls busily carried on their tasks, with low-voiced murmurs of talk that rather soothed than disturbed the sleeper.

The first plan, of dividing the settlers into nineteen families and building a house for each, had been abandoned before more than two or three of the houses were begun, and now that the prostrating sickness interrupting their plans was past, and the survivors counted, it was found that sadly few dwellings were needed to contain them, so that at present all were divided among four or five houses, although as the men gained strength for labor each wrought upon his future home in all the time to be spared from the common needs.

The house where we have found Priscilla was that of

Elder Brewster, situated on the corner of The Street and the King's Highway, as the Pilgrims called the path crossing The Street at right angles, and leading down to the brook, although to-day we should say that the elder's house stood on the corner of Leyden and Market streets; like all others built at this time, it was a low structure covered in with planks hewn from the forest trees, and roofed with thatch. At each side of the entrance door lay a tolerably large room, that on the right hand, nearest to the brook, used as kitchen, dining, and general living room, while the other was the family sleeping room, and also used as a withdrawing room, where the elder held counsel with the governor, or other friends, and studied his exhortation for the coming Sunday; here, also, Mistress Brewster led her boys, or the maidens she guided, for reproof, counsel, or tender comforting. At the back of this room, partitioned by a curtain, was a nook, where Wrestling, a delicate child of six, and Love, his sturdier brother, two years older, nestled like kittens in a little cot. Above in the loft. reached by a ladder-like staircase, was a comfortable room appropriated to Mary Chilton, Priscilla Molines, and Elizabeth Tilley, all orphaned within three months, and at once adopted by the Elder's wife as her especial charge.

In the next house, on a lot of land appropriated at first to John Goodman and some others, the governor had taken up his abode with his delicate wife, her maid Lois, Desire Minter their ward, and several children whom she cared for. John Howland, the governor's secretary and right-hand man, also lived here, and, like the manly man he was, hesitated not to give help wherever it was needed.

Owing to Mrs. Carver's very delicate health, it had been arranged that this family should share the table at Elder Brewster's, where the young girls just mentioned were ready and glad to take charge of the household labors, leaving their elders free for other matters.

In another house, placed in charge of Stephen Hopkins and his bustling wife, nearly all the unmarried men were gathered, and made a hearty and soberly jocund family. The third house, headed by Isaac Allerton and his daughters, was the home of Bradford, Winslow, Mistress Susannah White, with her children, Resolved and Peregrine, and her brother, Doctor Fuller, with their little nephew, Samuel Fuller, whose father and mother both lay on Cole's Hill.

In the Common house, under charge of Master Warren, with the Billingtons as officials, were gathered the rest of the company except Standish, who slept in his own house on the hill, but had his place at Elder Brewster's table when he chose to take it.

Hither he now came, silent and grave as was his wont since Rose died, but ever ready to give his aid and sympathy, whether in handicraft or counsel, to the governor, the elder, or the women struggling with unwonted labors. Of lamentation there was none, and since the day the soldier stood beside that open grave and watched the mould piled upon the coffin his own hands had fashioned no man, not even the elder, had heard his wife's name, or any allusion to his loss, pass his lips; yet those who knew him best marked well the line that had deepened between his brows, the still endurance of his eyes, and the sadness underlying every intonation of his voice; and those who knew him not, and had in their shallower natures no chord to vibrate in sympathy with this grand

patience, comprehended it not, and seeing him thus ready and helpful, not evading such pleasant talk as lightened the toil of his comrades, not preoccupied or gloomy, these thought the light wound was already healed, and more than one beside Desire Minter speculated upon his second choice.

Listening to the governor's report of Browne's discovery, Standish nodded, as not surprised, and said, —

"Ay, 't is sure to come, soon or late, and a peace won by arms is stronger than one framed of words. When the salvages have made their onset and we have chastised them roundly, we shall be right good friends. Meantime, Francis Cooke and I left our adzes and wedges where we were hewing plank, and so soon as I have taken bite and sup I 'll forth to look for them with my snaphance."

"We've heard of locking the stable door when the steed was stolen," murmured Priscilla to Mary, and the captain, whose ear was quick as a hare's, half turned toward her with a glint of laughter in his eyes.

But the jibe was prophetic, for when, half an hour later, Standish and Cooke returned to the tree they had felled, the tools were all gone, and a headless arrow was left standing derisively in the cleft of a log.

"Hm! A cartel of defiance," said the captain drawing it out and grimly examining it. "Well, 't is like our savage forefathers of Britain challenging Julius Cæsar and the Roman power. But come, Cooke, 't is certain we cannot rive plank with our naked hands, and since our tools are gone, we had best go home and work at the housen. To-morrow we'll take some order with these masters."

The Headless Arrow

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TO WINE ARROTLAD

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CAPTAIN'S PROMOTION.

The afternoon and evening were devoted to a thorough review and furbishing of weapons, many of which had suffered from exposure and neglect during the press of building and of sickness.

And surely never could artist find better subject for his painting than the scene at Elder Brewster's fire-side that night where upon the hearth Standish and Alden moulded a heap of silvery bullets, while Priscilla and Mary and Elizabeth Tilley twirled their spinning-wheels, or knitted the long woolen hose worn both by men and women in those days, looking demurely from time to time toward the hearth, where Alden occasionally dropped a little boiling lead into a skillet of hot water, and nodded to one or other of the girls as he drew out the emblems thus formed.

At the back of the room gathered Brewster and Winslow and Carver and Bradford, discussing plans of defense in low and eager tones, while over all fell the broad and ruddy light of the floods of flame that rushed weltering up the chimney and out upon the night, carrying tidings to the wild woods and wilder men crouching in their depths that here were encamped a little band of invaders stronger than the primeval forest, stronger than the primeval man, stronger than Nature, stronger than Tradition.

"Then it is well resolved," said Carver rising at last and coming toward the fire, "that to-morrow, so soon as we have committed ourselves to God's protection, and broken our fast, we will assemble with all the men of our company in the Common house, and take counsel for the safety and guidance of the colony. Does this movement suit you, Captain Standish?"

"Ay, Governor. A council of war is ever fitting prelude to action," replied Standish laying down his bullet-mould and standing up.

"And this is a council coram populo," said Winslow smiling. "A congress of the whole people."

"Our first town-meeting, if indeed we be a town," said Bradford, answering Winslow's smile.

"Alden, we name you sheriff pro tempore, to warn the brethren of this convention. All the men, mind you," said the governor quietly.

"But none of the women, mark you!" whispered Priscilla to John as Carver turned aside.

"Nay, who ever heard of women clamoring to be heard among men in council," suggested Mary Chilton, while Alden, with a side glance and smile at the merry maids, followed the governor a step and said,—

"Ay, sir, and I will moreover warn goodwife Billington to-night, that she may have the Common house redded betimes."

"Well thought on, John," replied Carver smiling, for goodwife Billington's untidiness was but too notorious among her associates.

"Thou'lt have to lay a hand to 't thyself, John," murmured Priscilla as the young man returned to the fire to gather up the bullets and moulds, and if it must be confessed to seize the chance of one more word with

Priscilla; "best bring up two or three buckets of sand from the beach, and when you slattern hath done her best, spill you the sand over all, and so hide her shortcomings."

"'T is good advice, as thine ever is," returned the lover, and so energetic did Goody Billington find both his reminders and his help that evening and the next morning, that the Common house was set in order at a good hour, and by nine o'clock the Council, consisting of nineteen men, all that were left of the forty-one who signed the original compact on board the Mayflower, gathered around the table, where beside the governor sat Howland, ready to take minutes of the proceedings of the meeting, and, as it were, to open the Town Records of Plymouth.

The governor in a short address set forth the danger which evidently menaced the little colony, and invited the opinion of the freemen assembled as to the means of meeting it. One and another offered his brief remarks, and at last Bradford in a few strong and sensible words proposed that the whole company there present should be resolved into a military body, and properly exercised in the use of arms and tactics of defense.

"That is my own thought, Master Bradford," replied Carver eagerly; "and this course is the more feasible that we have among us a man so skilled in warfare, and so judicious in counsel as our brother Standish, who hath already the rank of Captain in the armies of our sovereign King James, and hath for love of liberty and the truth given up the sure prospect of advancement in the king's armies, now that the hordes of Spain are again let loose upon our Dutch allies, and every British soldier is called to their defense. I therefore propose

that we appoint Captain Standish our military commander-in-chief, with full power to organize, order, and enforce his authority as he shall see best for the interests of the community, and I for one place myself in all such matters under his command, and promise to answer to his summons, and yield to his counsel in all things appertaining to warfare, offensive or defensive."

"And I say as doth the governor," added Winslow, turning his astute and thoughtful face to Standish, with a smile of brotherly confidence.

"And I," added Bradford heartily, and the word of assent went round the table, until each man had given his personal adherence to the new commander-in-chief, and Brewster closed the list by saying with a benevolent smile,—

"And I, although a man of peace, and too well stricken in years to become an active soldier, will in time of need refuse not to strike a blow under our captain's command for the defense of those God hath entrusted to our care."

"And shall we call Master Standish General, or how shall we mark his new dignity?" asked Hopkins a little pompously.

"Nay, I'll be naught but Captain," replied Standish hastily. "So runneth my commission from good Queen Bess, heaven rest her soul, and here have we neither parchment nor seals, no, nor authority for making out new commissions. I have that I tell of, and 't is enough: 'Our well beloved Captain, Myles Standish,' it runneth, and by that name I'll live and die. But aside from that, I would say, friends, that I am well pleased at the trust you place in me, and that so long as God giveth me life and strength I will heartily place them at the service of this"—

But a shriek, followed by a hubbub of voices, and the pattering of many light feet, broke off the captain's sentence, and brought several of the Council to their feet, and to the door, just as it was burst open by a crowd of women and children all clamoring,—

"The Indians! They are upon us! They are coming into the housen! Haste! Haste if ye be men!"

Not waiting to question farther, Standish seized his snaphance which in these days seldom was out of reach, and briefly shouting, "Follow me!" rushed out, looked about him, and seeing nothing seized young John Billington by the arm and demanded, "Where are these Indians, thou yelping cur! Didst rouse that hubbub for naught?"

"Nay, Bart Allerton and Johnny Cooke and I all saw them"—

"Well, lead on, and show them to me too," demanded the captain sternly, and preceded by the half-frightened, half-delighted boys, and followed in more or less order by his new army, he marched up Leyden and down Market streets, until across the brook on the crest of a little hill two savages in full panoply of war suddenly appeared, and gazed defiantly upon the white men.

"Governor, the advance guard of the enemy is in sight, and I propose that I with another, cross the brook and parley with him," said Standish turning to Carver and unconsciously resuming the stiff military manner and habit of a trained soldier in actual service.

"Your powers are discretionary, Captain Standish," replied Carver with gentle dignity. "All is left in your own hands, always remembering that we desire peace rather than war, if so be we may have it in honor."

"Hopkins, wilt volunteer to come with me?" asked

the captain briefly, and as briefly the veteran answered, "Ay, Captain," and followed.

But as the party of parley approached, the Indian scouts withdrew, and before Standish could reach the spot where they had stood no creature was in sight, although the stir and murmur of a multitude not seeking to conceal itself were heard from the woods densely clothing Watson's Hill and the valley between.

Returning with this report to the town, the captain gave it as his opinion that so long as the enemy held off he should be left undisturbed while the colony devoted itself to works of defense, especially finishing and arming the Fort upon the hill, and making it ready for immediate use.

"It were well that you and I, Governor, went aboard this morning and stirred up Master Jones to get out our ordnance and help fetch it ashore," concluded he. "Shall we go at once?"

"So soon as the tide makes, Captain; for when the water is out, our harbor is somewhat wet for walking, yet by no means suited for navigation," replied Carver casting a whimsical glance at the verdant flats, then as now replacing the tides of Plymouth Harbor.

"A wise provision of Nature whereby the clams are twice a day left within our reach," replied Standish in the same tone. "After noon-meat then, we will go."

But when the governor and the captain arrived on board the Mayflower they found Jones too stupid with liquor to listen to any plans, and too short-handed when he had been made to understand to carry them out with half the dispatch the ardent spirit of Standish prompted, so that all they effected was to have two of the larger pieces hoisted out of the hold, and one landed and left upon the sand. The next day was devoted to finishing the preparations on shore, and finally on Wednesday, the third day of March, Captain Jones with all of his men fit for service came on shore with the rest of the ordnance, and, aided by the Pilgrims, dragged the clumsy pieces to the top of the eminence now called Burying Hill, and mounted them in the positions carefully marked out beforehand by Standish. minions, each eight feet long, a thousand pounds in weight, and carrying a three-pound ball, were planted, the one to command the landing at the rock, and the other the crest of Watson's Hill, where the savages had twice appeared. The saker, a still heavier piece, commanded the north, where the dense coverts of an evergreen forest hid what was soon to be known as the Massachusetts trail, and a very menacing quarter. The two other pieces called bases, and of much lighter calibre, were set at the western face of the Fort, where they would do good service should an enemy attempt to skirt the hill and approach at that side. The pieces were heavy, the appliances crude and clumsy, a shrewd east wind was driving in a sea-fog of the chillest description, and Standish, although he toiled and tugged with the best, proved himself a martinet in his requirements, not sparing in the heat of the struggle some of those curious oaths for which "our army in Flanders" gained a name. But the elder turned a deaf ear at these moments, and neither the truly devout Carver, nor the elegant Winslow, nor formal Allerton, nor self-restrained Bradford, chose to notice these lapses on the part of him who was giving all his energies and all his experience to their defense. As the sun set, Master Jones straightened his back, and setting his hands upon his hips exclaimed, -

"There, then, my little generalissimo, thy guns are set, and by thine own ordering, not mine. And let me tell thee now, 't is lucky thou and I do not often train in company, for I'd sooner serve in an Algerian galley than under thee, and if thou wast under me, I'd shoot thee in the first half day."

Standish, who was on his knees sighting his saker, did not hurry himself to rise, but when he did so turned and eyed his ally with a grim smile.

"Thou 'rt right, Jones. Two game-cocks seldom agree until they have fought a main or two. Yet methinks I could train thee to something after a while."

Jones's red face grew redder yet, but before his slow wit had compassed a retort, Carver interposed, —

"And now that our good day's work is done, it is seemly that we should soberly rejoice and exult. Master Jones, wilt thou and thy men sup with us?"

The sailor's face cleared directly, and with a roar of jovial merriment he replied, —

"Marry will we, Master Governor, an' if you had not bidden us, I had bidden you to the feast, for I brought more than cold iron ashore, I promise you."

"What, then? Some beer and strong waters?" demanded Hopkins eagerly.

"Ay, man, and a fat goose ten pound weight, and some wild fowl beside, and a whole runlet of beer and a pottle of Hollands. I brought them that we should all make merry for once, and forget all that's come and gone, and that you should wish me a fair passage home, and good luck on getting there."

"Thou'rt a good fellow, after all, Jones, and I for one will meet thee half way, and pledge thee in mine own liquor, and change a bit of my tender crane shot yesterday for a leg of thy goose." So saying, Standish smote the sailor upon his shoulder, and took his great paw into the grasp of a hand small and shapely, but of such iron grip that the burly fellow winced, and wringing away his fingers cried,—

"Nay, then, thou'rt more cruel as a friend than thou'rt maddening as a master. I'll none of thee."

"And where are thy generous gifts now bestowed?" asked Bradford practically.

"In the Common house. I bade Clarke go down the hill after our snack at noon, and take them all out of the boat's cuddy and carry them up to goodwife Billington, who is a famous cook, of wild fowl in particular"—

"She hath had practice while her goodman was poach—nay, then, I mean gamekeeper on my Lord the Marquis of Carrabas's estates," put in Standish gravely, and Billington, who stood by, started, tried to look fierce, but ended with a craven laugh.

"Then Alden," suggested the Governor, "thou hadst best tell the women at the elder's house to send over their own vivers, or a portion of them, to the Common house, and we will all sup together. We have the captain's crane and a brace of mallards, and a salted neat's tongue, with some other matters, Master Jones, and can methinks well forget for one night that hunger and cold and danger are lying at the door. 'T is wise to be merry at times that we may better bear trouble at others."

"Ay, 't is a poor heart that never rejoices," replied the Master, in what for him was a pleasant voice, although with a suspicious look around, lest anybody should be jeering at his unwonted amenity. But Standish was casting a comprehensive look about his little fortalice to see if all was ready to be left for the night, and the younger men were already going down the hill, and Carver and Bradford stood awaiting their guest with cheerful and open countenance, devoid of mischief or guile. So the old sea-dog sheathed his fangs, restrained his growl, and assumed the bearing of coarse good humor which was his rare concession to the claims of good society.

And now Alden hasting upon his errand found that Priscilla had already been warned by Helen Billington of the proposed feast, and with Mistress Brewster's consent had arranged the tables in the Common house, and added to the heavier viands some delicate dishes of her own composition, finishing by making a kettle of plum - porridge whereon the women were to regale themselves in the Brewster kitchen while their lords feasted in the Common house.

And thus with sober mirth and honest friendliness closed a day so important in the annals of the settlement.

CHAPTER XIV.

SECOND MARRIAGES.

DOUBTLESS the Indians lurking in the woods of Watson's Hill had watched with wonder and alarm the process of mounting and securing the ordnance of the Fort, itself a novel structure in their eyes, and wisely concluded to consider the question of peace or war a little further before bringing it to an open issue. any rate, they were no more seen at present, and the colonists wasted no time in pursuing them, but as the ground dried and warmed hastened to put in such grain and garden seeds as they had provided, and to lay out the little plots of ground attached to each house. Among the other crops was one whose harvest no man, woman, or child of that well-nigh famished company would have eaten, a crop of wheat whose ripened seeds were allowed to fall as they would, to sink again into the earth, or to feed the birds of heaven, for it was sown above the leveled graves of that half the Pilgrims who in the first four months found the city that they sought. So numerous and so prominent upon the bold bluff of Cole's Hill were these graves becoming, that Standish, overlooking the town from the Fort and his home close beneath its walls, pointed out to Carver and Bradford that the savages, doubtless as keen-eyed as himself, would in seeing how many of the invaders were under ground find courage to attack those still living, and it was his proposal that the earth should be leveled and planted.

- "To what crop?" asked Bradford.
- "It matters not," replied Standish a little impatiently. "No man will care to eat of it, knowing what lies beneath."
- "'Thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat or of some other grain, but God giveth it a body,'" quoted Carver in a low voice, and Standish reverently answered,—
 - "Ay. Let it be wheat, since that is Paul's order."

But that night as the sun was setting behind the gloomy evergreen forest closing the western horizon, the captain, avoiding his comrades, went quietly up the hill to the Fort, and thence made a circuit northward and eastward so as to come out upon the bluff of Cole's Hill. Passing among the graves with careful feet he presently stood beside one, mounded and shaped with care, and protected by willow rods bent over it and into the ground at either side. Recently cut, these boughs yet bore their pretty catkins, and the leaves which had already started seemed inclined to persist in life and growth.

Removing his buff-cap and folding his arms Standish stood long beside this grave, silent and almost stern of look, but his heart eloquent with that deep and inarticulate language in which great souls commune with God, and with those mysteries of life so far transcending man's comprehension or powers of definition.

At last he gently pulled up the ends of the willow rods at one side, and passing round to the other would have done the same, but seeing how fresh and green they looked held his hand.

"They would grow an' I left them," muttered he; but then with a mournful gesture added in the same tone, "Nay, then, what need. I shall know where thou liest, Rose, and" —

Not ungently he drew the twigs from the earth, and stood holding them in his hand as a voice behind him said,—

"Ay, brother, we must say good-by even to the graves we have loved. Stern necessity is our master."

Standish, ill pleased at the interruption, turned a dark face upon the new-comer.

"And yet I have heard, Master Winslow, that thou art already speaking of marriage with Mistress White. Is stern necessity master there also?"

"Yes, Standish," replied Winslow frowning a little and speaking more coldly than at first. "You may see it for yourself. Here are we, a scant threescore souls, not one score grown men, come to people a savage land and make terms with hordes of savage inhabitants. Is it not the clearest, ay, sternest necessity that those of us who are unwived, to our sorrow though it be, should take the women who remain, be they maids or widows, in honorable wedlock, and rear up children to fill our places when we are gone? Have we a right, man, to follow our own fantasies and mourn and mourn like cushat doves over the graves of our lost mates while the women we ought to cherish struggle on uncared for?"

"Hast put the matter in this light to William White's widow?" asked Standish sarcastically.

"Nay," returned Winslow with his usual calm. "Words that suit men are not always for women's ears. What I may say to Susanna White is not of necessity the business of the Council"—

"Any more than my errand here to-night," retorted Standish, the spark kindling in his brown eyes.

- "Softly, brother, softly," replied Winslow in his measured tones, and laying a finger upon the other's arm. "It would ill befit us two to quarrel here between thy wife's grave and mine. We are brethren, and if I said aught that mispleased thee I am right sorry"—
- "Nay, then, 't is I was hasty," interrupted Standish. "Surely thy marriage is thine own affair, not mine, and I wish you godspeed with all my heart."
- "And yet, brother, I am not all content lacking thine approval, for there is neither head nor heart in the colony more honorable than thine."
- "'He who praises thee to the face is a false friend; the true one reproveth thee,'" quoted Standish with his peculiar grim smile.
- "And am not I reproving thee for thy selfish disregard of the common weal?" persisted Winslow, his own smile a little forced. "Nay, then, must I bewray confidence and tell thee that one who knows assures me that Priscilla Molines would not say thee nay wert thou to ask her?"
- "Pst! What folly art thou at now, Master Winslow? This is no more than woman's gossip. Some of thy new love's havers, I'll be bound."
- "Did not William Molines send to seek speech with thee the night he died?" asked Winslow fixing his keen eyes upon the soldier's perturbed face.
 - "Ay, but it was he and I alone."
- "Well, then, he had taken counsel first with a godly matron, in whose judgment he trusted."
 - " Mistress White?"
 - " Ay."
- "I would I had known it that day." And with no farther good-by the Captain turned and strode down the hill ill pleased.

The next day rose warm and misty. The veiled sun seemed smiling behind the soft vapors, and the earth throbbing with the sweet hopes of spring smiled back at him. The leaves of willow, and alder, and birch, and maple, and elm, uncurled their delicate fronds and shyly held out hands of welcome to the south wind; the birds sang clear and sweet in the woods, and the delicate springs of sweet water answered back with rippling laughter and joyous dance.

- "A goodly scene, a veritable garden of the Lord," said William Bradford standing outside the elder's door, and gazing down upon the valley of Town Brook, and across at the wood-covered hillside beyond. Standish, whom he addressed, was just coming out of the house, after his breakfast, and without reply laid his hand upon the younger man's arm and led him up the hill.
- "Whither bound this fair morning my Captain?" asked Bradford, in whose blood the brave morning air worked like wine.
- "First to fetch my snaphance, and then I will have thee into the wood for a stroll to enjoy thy fine day, and to hold counsel with thy friend."
- "And that is ever to mine own advantage," replied Bradford with affectionate honesty. Standish glanced at him with the rare sweetness sometimes lighting the rigor of his soldierly face, and as they had reached the door of the cabin nestled beneath the Fort, where John Alden and his friend abode, Standish entered, leaving the future governor to feast his eyes upon the wider view outspread at his feet. Climbing still further to the platform of the Fort, he stood lost in reverie, his eyes fixed upon the lonely Mayflower, sole occupant of the

harbor, as she clumsily rode at anchor tossing upon the flood tide.

- "We shall miss the crazy craft when she is gone," said Standish rejoining him.
- "Ay. She is the last bit of Old England," replied Bradford, musingly. For a few moments the two men stood intently gazing upon the vessel, each heart busy with its own thoughts, then, as by a common impulse turned, descending the side of the hill toward the lower spring, and passed into the forest.
- "What is thy matter for counsel, friend?" asked Bradford finding that Standish strode on in what seemed gloomy silence.
 - "Yon ship."
 - "The Mayflower?"
- "What other? She brought a hundred souls to these shores some six months agone."
 - "Ay, and now we are fifty."
- "Fifty alive, and fifty under the sea, or on you headland where to-day we level the mounds over their poor bodies and plant wheat to cheat the salvages."
- "'T is too true, good friend, and well I wot that the delight of thine eyes lies buried there"—
- "And thine beneath the waters of our first harbor," interrupted Standish harshly, for the proud, tender heart could not bear even so light a touch.
- "Yes," replied Bradford briefly, and over his face passed a cloud blotting out all the boyish enjoyment of scene and hour that had enlivened its ordinarily thoughtful features. Was Dorothy May indeed the delight of his eyes and heart?
- "Yes, we two men came hither husbands, and to-day we stand as widowers, and 't is in that matter I seek

counsel," exclaimed Standish suddenly as he turned to face his friend. "Last night, Master Winslow standing between the graves of his wife and mine, read me a lecture upon the duty unwived men owe to the community. He says it is naught but selfishness to let our private griefs rule our lives, that we are bound to seek new mates and raise up children to carry on the work we have begun. Nor can we doubt his own patriotism, or the honesty of his counsels, for already he has spoken to the widow of William White, and his own wife but six weeks under ground."

- "Yes, I know they will be wed shortly," replied Bradford a little embarrassed. Standish eyed him keenly.
- "And thou art of his mind, and mayhap thine own new mate is already bespoken?" demanded he in angry surprise.
- "Nay, Standish, thou 'rt not reasonable to quarrel with another man's conscience so that it thwarts not thine," replied Bradford patiently, although the color rose to his cheek as he felt the scorn of his comrade's voice. "Neither Winslow nor I would do aught that we could not answer for to God, and have not we come to this wilderness that we might be free to serve Him only, in matters of conscience?"
- "I meant not to forget courtesy, nay, nor friendship neither, Bradford; but my speech is ever hasty and none too smooth. So thou wilt marry, anon?"
- "I'll tell thee friend, and thou'rt the first I've told. There is a lady in the old country"—
- "Which old country? The Netherlands or England?"
 - "She is in England now, or was when we set forth.

Thou must have seen her, Standish, — Alice Carpenter, who wedded Edward Southworth in Amsterdam."

- "Oh, ay. A goodly crop of daughters had Father Carpenter, and not one hung on hand so soon as she was marriageable. Truly, I remember Mistress Southworth well, a fair and discreet dame. And she was left a widow not many days before we left England, if I mistake not."
 - "Ay. One little week."
- "And didst thou woo her as in the play I saw when last I was in London, King Richard wooed the widow of him he had slain, following her husband's corse to the grave? Nay then, nay then, man, I meant it not awry. But to ask a woman within one week of her widowhood, and thou still wived"—
- "Nay, nay, nay, Myles, thou 'rt all aglee and I doubt me if I had not better kept mine own counsel. I have not looked upon Alice Carpenter's face nor heard her voice since she was Southworth's wife."
- "Oh, ay I see, I see 't is an old flame and thou 'rt of mind to try to kindle it once more. You were sweethearts of old, eh, lad?"
- "Something so, though I meant not to say so much, and now must leave the secret in thine honor, Captain."
 - "Dost doubt the ward, Bradford?"
- "Nay. I trust thee as myself, and thou knowest it. Why must thou ever be so hot, Myles? Yes, when Master Carpenter and his fair troop of daughters came to Leyden it was not long until I saw that Alice was both fairest and sweetest of them all; but thou knowest the fight we had for bread, winning it by strange and unaccustomed labors: I, who knew naught but my books,

and something of husbandry, becoming a weaver of baize; Brewster a ribbon weaver, Tilley a silk worker, Cushman a wool comber, Eaton a carpenter, and so on; well, goodman Carpenter was loth to trust his maid to such scant living as I could offer, nor would he let us even call ourselves troth-plight; and Alice, the gentle, timid maid that she was, yielded all to her father's will, and I, in the naughty pride of a young man's heart, was angered that she would not promise to hold herself against all importunities, and we quarreled, or forsooth I should say I quarreled, and flung away, and I knew Dorothy May and her kin, and she, poor soul, was ready to wed as her father willed "—

"Enough Will, enough; it is not good to put all that is in one's heart into words. I see the whole story. And now thou 'lt write to Mistress Southworth and ask her to come out with the residue of our company, and become thy wife?"

"Ay, dear friend, that is my plan," said Bradford, wringing the hand Standish extended, and turning his flushed face aside.

"And why not?" asked Myles heartily. "'T is no new affair, no hasty furnishing forth of a marriage feast with the cold vivers of the funeral tables, as yon fellow said in the play. "T is marvelous like one of those old romaunts my kinswoman Barbara used to tell over to me and the dear lass that's gone. There now — and thou hadst not this matter in hand, I'd wive thee to Barbara Standish — 't is the best wench alive, I do believe, and full of quip, and crank as a jest book."

"Thy cousin?" asked Bradford rather absently.

"Ay, but I know not just how nigh. Her father held for his lifetime a little place of ours on the Isle of Man,

and I, trying to find an old record that should give me a fair estate feloniously held from me now, went over there once and again, and so met Rose, and went yet again and again, until we two wed, and I carried her away to my friends in the Netherlands."

"And is thy cousin wed?"

"Nay, did not I say I'd like to give her to thee to wife? But barring that, I'll send for her to come with the next company, perchance under charge of thy sober widow, Will, and I'll marry her to one of these our good friends here. So if I do not marry myself, for the weal of the community as Winslow says, I shall purvey for some one of them a wife and mother of children in my stead."

"'T is well thought on, Captain," replied Bradford laughing, "and I can promise that if Mistress Southworth makes the voyage she will gladly take charge of thy cousin, for whom we will choose a husband of our best. But why wilt not thou marry again, thyself? Was not that in thy mind in speaking of counsel?"

"Ay — nay — in good sooth I know not, lad. I fain would know thine own intentions, and I have them, but for myself — truth to tell, I care not to wed again. I lived many years with only my good sword here as sweetheart and comrade, and I was well stead, and — none can make good the treasure late found and soon lost — but yet — come now, Will, confidence for confidence, I'll tell thee somewhat" —

"Touching fair Mistress Priscilla?" asked Bradford with a smile of quiet humor.

"Aha!" exclaimed Standish, a swarthy color mounting to his cheek. "'T is common talk, then!"

"Well, I know not - certes I have heard it spoken

on more than once, but to say 'common talk' — we who are left alive are so few and so bound together that 'tis no more than a family, and the weal of each is common to all."

- "But what hast thou heard, in very truth?"
- "Why, naught, except that Priscilla hath a sort of kindness for thee, and thou hast, in a way, made her affairs thine own, and so 't was naught but likely "—
- "Ay, ay, I see, I ever had but an ill idea of great families, having been born into one myself, as thou sayest, the affairs of one are the gossip of all."
 - "Nay, I said" ---
- "Pst, man, I know what thou saidst, and what I think, so hold thy peace. Nay, then, this idle prating hath a certain foundation, as smoke aye shows some little fire beneath, and I'll tell it thee. When William Molines lay a-dying his mind was sore distraught at leaving his poor, motherless maid alone, for his son Joseph had gone before him, so he sent for me to watch with him that night, and somewhere in the small hours we thought his time had come, and he besought me to promise that I would take the maid under my keeping and not let her come to want. He said naught of marriage, nor did I, for my wife was but then at rest, and such speech would have been unseemly for him and hateful to me. I took his words as they were spoken, and I gave my promise, and so far as there was need I have kept it. and seen that the maid was housed and fed and looked after by Mistress Brewster, but more, I thought not on."
- "Master Molines was a discreet and careful man and seldom told out all his thought," said Bradford astutely. "Methinks he counted upon 'the way of a man with a

maid,' and left it to thee to find out the most perfect plan of caring for a young gentlewoman."

"Dost think so, Will? Dost think he meant me to take her to wife? Dost think she so considers it?" and Myles snatching off his barret-cap pushed up the hair from his suddenly heated and burning forehead. Bradford looked at him with his peculiar smile of subtle humor and shrewd kindliness.

"Why, Myles, thou lookst fairly frightened! Thou who never counted the foe, or thought twice ere leading a forlorn hope, or asked quarter of Turk or Spaniard"—

"Nay, nay, nay, Will, spare thy gibes! Here is a moil, here is an ambushment! Here am I, going fair and softly on mine own way, and of a sudden the trap is sprung, and Honor starts up and cries, 'There's but one way out of it, take it, willy-nilly!' If the maid is of her father's mind I am bound to her."

"I think she would not say thee nay," said Bradford demurely.

"Thou hast no right to avow that, Will, and I were but a sorry knave to believe it. A lady's yea-say is an honor to any man, and he who receives it must do so in all reverence. No man hath a right to fancy or to say that a modest maid is ready with yea or nay before she is asked."

"Thou art right, and I wrong, Myles, and in truth I know naught of Mistress Priscilla's mind."

"But I will, and that ere many days are past. Thou hast done me a good turn, Will, in showing me where I stand. I dreamed not that Molines was — well, — he died peacefully and I will not disturb his rest. Yes, I will but wait until the Mayflower is gone and my cabin

weather-tight, and the garden sown, and then I will speak with Priscilla. If Barbara comes she'll be rare good company for both of us."

Again Bradford smiled very quietly, and the two men walked on in silence.

CHAPTER XV.

SAMOSET.

ONCE more the freemen of the colony were convened in Council around the well-scoured table in the principal room of the Common house, become for the nonce a House of Commons, and Captain Standish was explaining the scheme he had arranged for organizing his little army, when again the solemnity of the meeting was invaded by shrill cries of alarm and anger, this time, however, in a solo rather than chorus, for goodwife Billington having taken the field, her more timid sisters were abashed into silence.

"Thou foul beast, I say begone! Scat! Avaunt! Nay, grin not at me thou devil straight from hell! Wait but till I fetch a bucket of boiling water to throw over thee, thou Cheshire cat! I'll soon see how much of thy nasty color is fast dye"—

"What means this unseemly brawling?" sternly demanded Elder Brewster as Standish ceased speaking, and all eyes involuntarily turned toward the door.

"Billington, the voice is that of thy wife. Go, and warn her that we tolerate no common scolds in our midst, and that the cucking-stool and the pillory"—

But the elder's threats and Billington's shamefaced obedience and the wonder of all who had listened to the outbreak were cut short by a startling apparition upon the threshold; the savages had really come at last, or at least one of them, for here stood, tall and erect,

the splendid figure of a man, naked except for a waist-band of buckskin fringe, his skin of a bright copper color glistening in the morning sun, and forming a rich background for the vari-colored paints with which it was decorated; his coarse, black hair, cut square above the eyebrows, fell upon his shoulders at the back, and was ornamented by three eagle-feathers woven into its tresses; in his hand he carried a bow nearly as tall as himself, and two arrows; a sharp little hatchet, evidently of European make, was thrust into his girdle, but the keenness of its edge was less than that of the glances with which he watched the slightest movement of the armed men who started to their feet at his approach.

The savage was the first to speak, and his utterance has become as classic as Cæsar's "Veni," — for it was, — "Welcome!"

As he pronounced it, and looked about him with kindly, if wary eyes, the Pilgrims drew a long breath, and the tense anxiety of the moment lapsed into aspects various as the temperaments of the men.

- "What! Do these men speak English, then!" exclaimed Allerton bewildered, while Standish muttered,—
- "Look to your side-arms, men. He may mean treachery," and noble Carver, extending his hand, said, —
- "Thanks for your courtesy, friend. How know you our language?"
- "I am Samoset. I am friend of Englishmen. I come to say welcome."
- "Truly 't is a marvel to hear him speak in our own tongue and so glibly too. Mark you how he chooses his words as one of some dignity himself," said Brad-

ford softly, but the quick ears of the savage caught the substance of his words, and tapping his broad chest lightly with his fingers he proudly replied, —

"Samoset, sachem of Monhegan. Samoset do well

to many Englishmen in his own country."

"And where is Monhegan, friend Samoset?" asked Carver pleasantly. "Might it be this place?"

"This place Patuxet. Monhegan nearer to the sunrise," replied Samoset pointing eastward.

"And how far?"

"Suppose walk, five days; big wind in ship, one day."

"And how camest thou, and when?"

"Ship. Three, four moons ago."

"Ah, then it is not an armed assault upon us," said Carver aside and in a tone of relief.

"Nay, these salvages are more treacherous than a quicksand. Try him with more questions," suggested Hopkins, the other men murmuring assent, while the Indian glancing with his opaque, black eyes from one to another showed not how much he understood of what went on about him.

"'In vino veritas,'" suggested Bradford with a smile. "Were it not well to give him something by way of welcome?"

"Samoset like beer. Much talk make throat dry like brook in summer," remarked the guest, but whether in response or not no one could say.

"Thou'rt right, man, and though thy skin's tawny, thy inside is very like a white man's," exclaimed Standish with a laugh. "John Alden, thou knowest the cupboards of this place passing well; find our friend wherewith to fill you dry brook-bed of a throat; that is with the governor's permission."

"Surely, surely, Captain Standish," replied Carver with gentle alacrity. "Your word is enough. And while Alden finds wherewithal to feed and quench his thirst, John Howland shall bring a mantle or cloak from my house to throw about him, for it is not seemly that our people should see us entertaining a man stark as he was born."

"'T is well said, Master Carver. I had some such thought myself," said Allerton rather primly, while Hopkins and Billington exchanged an irreverent grin, and Standish stroked his moustache.

The cloak was brought, and gracefully accepted by Samoset, who evidently regarded it as a ceremonial robe of state, designed to mark his admittance as an honored guest at the white men's board, and draping it togawise across his shoulder, he sat down to a plentiful repast of cold duck, biscuit, butter, cheese, and a kind of sausage called black pudding. To these solids was added a comfortable tankard of spirits and water, from which Samoset at once imbibed a protracted draught.

"Englishman have better drink than poor Indian," remarked he placing the tankard close beside his plate, and seizing a leg of the duck in his hands.

"'T is sure enough that he has been much with white men,—yes, and Englishmen, too, by the way he takes down his liquor," remarked Hopkins.

"Nay, methinks our Dutch brethren could take down a deep draught, too, and this is their own liquor," said Bradford, while Winslow muttered in Carver's ear.

"Let not Alden leave the case-bottle within reach of the savage. Enough will loosen his tongue, but a little more will bind it."

"True," assented the Governor, nodding to Alden,

who quietly replaced the bottle in the case whence he had taken it. Samoset followed it with longing eyes, but his own dignity prevented remonstrance except by finishing the flagon and ostentatiously turning it upside down.

After this, the meal was soon finished, and the conversation resumed, partly by signs and inference, partly by Samoset's limited stock of English. By one means and the other the Pilgrims presently learned that Monhegan was a large island near to the mainland in a northeasterly direction, and a great resort of fishing vessels, mostly English, with whose masters Samoset, as sachem of the Indians in those parts, had both traded and feasted, learning their language, their manners, and, what was worse, their habits of strong drink and profanity, neither of which however seemed to have taken any great hold upon him, being reserved rather as accomplishments and proofs that he too had studied men and manners.

The master of one of these fishing craft some few months previously had invited the sachem to accompany him across the bay to Cape Cod, where the sailor wished to traffic with the natives, and Samoset had since remained in this part of the country visiting Massasoit, sachem of the Wampanoags, who with a large party of his warriors was now lying in the forest outside of the settlement, waiting apparently for the result of Samoset's reconnoissance before he should determine on his own line of action.

Farther inquiry elicited the fact that the former inhabitants of Plymouth, or Patuxet, a people tributary to Massasoit, but living under their own sachem, had been totally exterminated by a plague, perhaps small-pox, which had swept over the country two or three years before the landing of the Pilgrims, leaving, so far as Samoset could tell, only one man alive; this man seeking refuge among the Nausets, the tribe to the east of Patuxet, was one of the victims entrapped by Hunt, escaping from whom, he lived a long time in England with a merchant of London named Slaney, who finally sent him in a fishing vessel to Newfoundland, whence he had made his way back to his friends on Cape Cod.

"And this man," demanded Winslow eagerly. "Where is he now? Do ye not perceive, friends, that this is an instrument shaped and fitted to our hands by the Providence of God, who hath also sent His plague to sweep away the inhabitants of this spot whither He would lead His chosen people?"

"Of a truth it seemeth so," replied Carver reverently, while Standish muttered in his beard, —

"Pity but the salvages had known't was Providence!" Twould have converted them out of hand."

The elder who had his own opinion of the soldier's orthodoxy looked askance at the half-heard murmuring, and suddenly demanded. —

"Where, then, is this man? How call you him?"

"Tisquantum he name. English trader across big water call him other fool name. Red man not know it."

"Tisquantum is well enough for a name, but why did he not come hither with you, Samoset?"

"Tisquantum much wise. He like see other fox put his paw in trap first before he try it." And as he thus betrayed his comrade's diplomacy the savage allowed a subtle smile to lighten his eyes, which, with the instinct that in simple mental organizations is so much surer than reason, he fixed upon Winslow, who laughed outright as he replied, —

"Wiser than thou, Samoset, me-seemeth. How is it thou wast so much more daring than thy fellow?"

"Samoset poor fool. He not know enough to be afraid of anything. Not wise like white man and Tisquantum." And the sachem with a superb smile settled the tomahawk at his girdle, and threw off the folds of his horseman's cloak. But the grim smile upon most of the faces around the board showed that the jest had given no offense to men who knew their own and each other's courage, and the conference presently broke up, the visitor amusing himself by strolling around the village, discreetly wrapped in his cloak, and taking a malicious delight in encountering Helen Billington, who never failed to greet him with a fusillade of suppressed wrath, to which he listened attentively, as if desirous of storing up some of the objurgations for his own future As night fell, and the guest showed no intention of departure, some of the more cautious settlers suggested that he should be put on board the Mayflower for safe keeping, a plan which met Samoset's ready approval, for as he sententiously remarked, -

"Captain-man have much strong waters."

But then, as now, he who would navigate Plymouth Harbor must take both wind and tide into account, and when Samoset with Cooke, Browne, and Eaton to row him reached the shallop, they found her high and dry, with a stiff east wind in her teeth. The next plan was to bestow the dangerous guest safely on shore, and this was finally done in the loft of Stephen Hopkins's house, the veteran host grimly promising that he should not stir so much as a finger-nail but he would know it; and

Samoset and Helen Billington



 in spite of goodwife Billington's assurance to her sisters that they should one and all be murdered in their beds before morning, the sun arose upon them in peace and safety, and soon after breakfast the Indian was dismissed with some small gifts, and an agreement that he should come again the next day, bringing Squanto, and such others as desired to trade with the white men, and could offer skins of beaver, martin, or other valuable fur.

"Could not they fetch a few ermine and miniver skins while they are at it," suggested Priscilla. "Methinks in this wilderness we women might at least solace ourselves with the show of royalty, sith we are too far from the throne to have our right disputed."

"Who knows but that we may found a new kingdom here in the New World," replied John Alden playfully. "And where should we find a fitter sovereign than Queen Priscilla?"

But Saturday passed over quietly, and it was not until Sunday morning that the Pilgrims coming out of the Common house after the morning service met Samoset stalking into the village followed by five other tall fellows, powerful but unarmed, Standish having sternly warned Samoset that neither he nor his companions must bring any weapon into the white man's settlement without permission. Much to the relief of the women who encountered these guests, it was at once seen that Samoset had understood and communicated the hint involved in lending him a cloak to wear during his previous visit, for all were fully dressed in deerskin robes with leggings fastened to the girdle and disappearing at the ankle within moccasons of a style very familiar to our eyes, although a great marvel to those of the Pilgrims, who, however, soon adopted and enjoyed them

highly. Samoset and another savage, who seemed to be his especial associate, also carried each a finely dressed wild-cat skin as a sort of shield upon the left arm, and all were profusely decorated with paint, feathers, strings of shells, and one man with the tail of a fox gracefully draped across his forehead. All wore the hair in the cavalier style, long upon the shoulders and cut square across the brow, and all were comely and dignified looking warriors.

The governor, elder, captain, with some other of the principal men, stood still in the open space where the King's Highway crossed The Street, and greeted, soberly as befitted the day, yet cordially as befitted charity and hospitality, their guests, who watched with wary eyes every movement of the hosts whom they hardly trusted, while Samoset, stepping forward, unrolled a fine mat, or wrapping-rug, in his arm, and ceremoniously laid two axes and a wedge at the feet of Standish, saying briefly,—

"The white chief has his own again."

"Our tools. Yes, that is as it should be," replied the captain, "although we may not use them to-day."

"Six hungry guests to divide the dinner with us!" exclaimed Priscilla in dismay as she stood at Mistress Brewster's side, her glowing brunette beauty shining out in contrast with the soft ashen tints of the older woman's face.

"Ay 't will put us to our trumps to make ready enough hot victual for all," replied the elder's wife.

"They shall have none of the marchpane thou didst make yestere'en, Priscilla!" expostulated Desire Minter anxiously. "There is no more than enow for us that be women."

- "That will rest as our dear mother says," replied Priscilla smiling into Dame Brewster's face.
- "Nay, it needs not the marchpane thou madest so toilsomely to entertain these salvages to whom our ship-biscuit are a treat," and the elder woman smiled tenderly back into the glowing face so near her own.

So presently the table in the Common house was spread with what to the red men was a feast of the gods, and they gravely ate enough for twelve men, evidently carrying out the time-honored policy of Dugald Dalgetty and of the camel, to lay in as there is opportunity provision not only for the present, but the future. Dinner ended, both red and white men assembled in the open space before mentioned, now in Plymouth called the Town Square, and the Indians grouping themselves in the centre began what may be called a dance, although from the gravity of their faces and solemnity of their movements the elder was seized with a suspicion that fairly turned him pale.

- "Are the heathen creatures practicing their incantations and warlock-work in our very midst, and on the Lord's Day?" demanded he. "Stephen Hopkins, thou knowest their devices, how is it?"
- "Nay, Elder," replied Hopkins chuckling in spite of his efforts at Sunday sobriety. "It is a feast-dance, a manner of thanksgiving"—
- "A sort of grace after meat," suggested Billington in an aside; but the elder heard him, and turning the current of his wrath in that direction exclaimed, —
- "Peace, ribald! Thou art worse than the heathen in making sport of holy things."
- "I knew not you antics were holy things, Elder," retorted the reckless jester; but Standish ranging up alongside of him muttered.—

"One word more and thou'lt deal with me, John Billington," and though the reprobate affected to laugh contemptuously he remained silent.

To the solemn feast-dance succeeded a more lively measure accompanied with barbarous sounds intended for singing, and the performance ended with gestures and pantomime obviously suggesting a treaty of amity and peace, as indeed Samoset presently interpreted it, closing the scene with the offer of such skins as the men wore upon their arms, and promises of more furs in the near future.

But the Sunday-keeping Pilgrims would not enter even into the semblance of trade upon that day, and, although they could not explain the reason to the Indians, made them understand that their dances, their singing, and their gifts, which were of course to be repaid, were all impossible for them to consider upon that day, and that, in fact, the sooner they withdrew from the village the better their hosts would be pleased. Adding however the wisdom of the serpent to the guilelessness of the dove, they coupled with this dismissal a very earnest invitation for the savages to return on the morrow and bring more skins, indeed all that they could spare, the white men promising to purchase them at a fair price.

The Indians listened gravely to so much of this harangue as Samoset translated to them, and the five new-comers at once, and with no ceremony of farewell, glided one after the other down the path leading past the spring to Watson's Hill, and were no more seen; but Samoset throwing himself upon the ground pressed his hands upon his stomach moaning loudly and declaring himself in great agony.

"He has a colic from over-feeding. Give him a

dose of strong waters and capsicum," said the elder compassionately; and Standish with a grim smile remarked, "Truly the man hath been an apt scholar in the ways of civilization. He minds me of a varlet of mine own, whose colics I effectually cured after a while by mingling a certain drug with the strong waters he craved. "T was better than a sea-voyage for clearing his stomach."

"Nay, Captain, we'll not deal so harshly with the poor fellow at the beginning, whatever may come at the end," said the Governor smiling. "Howland, get the man his dram, and if he will not go, put him to sleep in Hopkins's house and under his ward."

CHAPTER XVI.

PRISCILLA MOLINES' LETTER.

- "JOHN ALDEN, the captain says thou'rt a ready writer. Didst learn that along with coopering?"
- "Nay, Mistress Priscilla, I was not dubbed cooper until I was a se'nnight old, or so."
- "Oho! Then thy schoolcraft all came in the first week of thy life. Eh?"
- "Have thy way, Priscilla. Thou knowst well enow thou canst not anger me."
- "Truly? Well I never cared to see a man maidenmeek. But thou canst write?"
 - "Ay, and so canst thou, I have heard."
- "Heed not all thou hearest, John; no, nor believe all thou seest."
- "But what about my pencraft? Can I do aught for thee, Priscilla?"
 - " Mayhap."
- "And what is it, maid? Well thou knowest that it is more than joy for me to do thy bidding."
- "Nay, I know not what feeling 'more than joy' can be, unless haply it topple over t'other side and become woe, and I would be loth to breed thee woe."
- "And I am as loth to let thee; but still thou dost it and will do it."
 - "Verily!"
- "Ay, verily; but what is thy bidding, Priscilla? for I have an errand on hand."

- "And what weighty matter claims thee for its guardian?"
- "Nay, 't is no such weighty matter, nor is it a secret. The governor will have me warn the men to gather in the Common house to-morrow to complete the affairs twice broken off by the visit of our red-skinned neighbors."
- "And mark my words, John, they 'll come again tomorrow so sure as you try to hold council. 'T is a fate, and you 'll not escape it."
 - "Pooh, child! Dost believe in signs and fates?"
- "My forbears did. Haply thou hadst none, and so escaped the corruption of such folly."
- "Nay now, Priscilla, each one of us has just as many grandsires as another all the way back to Adam, only some of us have had more important matter in hand than to reckon up their names, and 't will never spoil a night's rest for me that I know not if my greatgrandam was Cicely or Phyllis. But tell me, mistress, what my pen can do for thee?"
- "Thy pen! Then 't is not thy heart or thy hand that is at my service?" and Priscilla raised a pair of such melting and velvety brown eyes to the somewhat offended face of the young giant that he at once tumbled into the depths of abject submission, and trying to seize her hand exclaimed, —
- "Oh sweetheart, thou knowest only too well that hand and heart and all I have are thine if thou wilt but take them."
- "Nay, John, thou must not speak so, no, nor touch my hand until I give it thee of mine own free will" —
- "Until? Nay, that means that some time thou wilt give it!"

"Well, then, I don't say until, and if thou dost pester me I'll say never. And I'll ask John Howland to write my letter."

"Stay, stay Priscilla! If 't is a letter to be written let me write it, for I was the first one asked, and I'll not pester thee, lass. I am a patient man by nature, and I'll bide thy good pleasure."

"There, now, that's more sensible, and as my own time runs short as well as thine, sit down at the corner of the table here—hast thy ink-horn with thee? Ay, well, here is paper ready, and we have time before I must make supper."

"Yes, an hour or more," said John looking at some marks upon the window ledge cut to show the shadows cast at noon, at sunrise, and at sunset at this time in the year. Priscilla meantime had arranged the writing materials upon the corner of the heavy oaken table with its twisted legs and cross pieces still to be seen in Pilgrim Hall in Plymouth as Elder Brewster's table, and drawing up two new-made oaken stools, for the elder's chair in the chimney-corner was not to be lightly or profanely occupied, she said, —

"Come now, Master Alden, I am ready."

"I would thou wert ready," murmured John, but as the blooming face remained bent over the table, and the very shoulders showed cold indifference, he continued hastily as he seated himself,—

"And so am I ready. To whom shall I address the letter?"

"Methinks I would first put time and place at the head of the sheet. So have I noted that letters are most commonly begun."

"Ay. Well, then, here is:-

- "'The Settlement of New Plymouth, March the 21st inst. A. D. 1620.'" For thus in Old Style did John Alden count the date we now should set at March 31st, 1621. And having written it in the queer crabbed Saxon script we find so hard to decipher he inquired,—
 - "And what next, Mistress Priscilla?"
 - "Next, Master John, thou mayest set down, --
 - "'My well beloved'" —
- "Well, who is thy well beloved?" demanded John pen in hand and flame on cheek.
- "Nay, the name is of no importance," replied Priscilla coldly. "Let us go on."
 - "Very well, 'My well beloved,' is set down."
- "'I promised thee news of my welfare so soon as opportunity should serve to send it."
 - " Well?"
- "'And now I would have thee know that I find none to take thy place in my heart or eyes'" —

The young man laid down his pen, and with a sterner look upon his face than the teasing girl had ever seen there, rose from the table saying,—

- "I did not deem thee so unmaidenly, Priscilla, as to ask a man who loves thee to write thy love-messages to one thou favorest more highly. 'T is not well done, mistress, neither modest nor kind."
- "I wonder at thy hardihood, John Alden, putting such reproach upon me. Never think again that I will listen to thy wooing after such insult, and thou stupid oaf, did I not tell thee that the letter was to Jeanne De la Noye, my dear girl-friend in Leyden?"
 - "Nay, thou toldst me no such thing."
- "Well, I tell thee now, and thou mayst put Jeanne after 'my well-beloved' at the top, an' thou wilt. Art satisfied now, thou quarrelsome fellow?"

"Satisfied that thou wilt bring me to an untimely grave, thou wicked girl!"

"Well, then sit down and finish my letter before thou seekest that same grave, for the shadow creeps on apace. Nay, now, I will be good, good John."

"Ah well-a-day, I am indeed an oaf, as thou sayest, to be so wrought upon by a coy maid's smiles or frowns, but have thy will mistress, have thy will."

"Nay now, John, cannot a big, brave fellow like thee take a poor maid's folly more gently? Think then, dear John, of how forlorn a maid it is; think of the graves under you springing wheat"—

"There, there, dear heart, forgive my rude brutishness; forgive me, sweet one, or I shall go out and do some injury to myself or another, thou hast so stirred my sluggish heart"—

But a peal of laughter, rich and sweet as a bob-olink's song, cut short his speech, and Priscilla dashing away the tears that hung in her archly curved eyelashes exclaimed,—

"Thy sluggish heart, John! Why, thy heart is like an open tub of gunpowder, and all my poor thoughtless words seem sparks to kindle it! Well, then, sith both are sorry, and both fain would be friends, let us get on with my fond messages to Jeanne and her sister Marie, or I shall have to put away my paper hardly the worse for thy work."

"Well, then, thon honey bee, as sweet as thy sting is sharp, what next?"

"Tell her in thine own words how long we were cooped in you vile-smelling old tub, and how when we landed, Mary Chilton and not I was first of all the women to leap upon the rock we call our threshold; and

oh John, tell her how I am orphaned of father and mother and brother, and even the dear old servant who carried me in his arms, and many a time in Leyden walked behind us three malapert maids—oh me, oh me!"—

She turned away to the window and bowed her face in her hands, smothering the sobs that she could not quite restrain. John sat still, looking at her, his own eyes dim and his face very pale. At this moment the door was suddenly thrust open, and Standish entered the room exclaiming,—

- "Is Alden here?"
- "Ay, Captain," replied the young man rising and coming forward. Standish cast a hasty glance at the figure of the young girl, another at the young man's face, and motioned him to follow outside.
- "Hast thou done aught to offend Mistress Molines?" demanded he as John drew the door close after him.
- "Not I," replied he somewhat indignantly. "She asked me to write for her to some maid of her acquaintance in Leyden, and when it came to telling of her orphanage and desolate estate her woman-heart gave way, and she was moved to tears."
- "Ay, ay, poor child! 'T is sad enow, but we will put all that right presently yes, I promised William Molines, and so let him die at ease, and I will keep my word to the dead. A husband and a home, and haply a troop of little rogues and wenches at her knees will soon comfort her orphanhood, eh, John?"
- "I know not, sir I doth she know of this compact betwixt her father and you?"
- "Come, now, thou'rt not my father confessor, lad, nor yet my general," replied Standish with peremptory

good humor. "Get thee back to thy pencraft, and when it is done come to me at the Fort, I have work for thee."

"Yes, sir." And the young man turned again into the house where Priscilla, quite calm, but a little subdued in manner, awaited him.

"And now wilt thou set thy name at the foot, Priscilla?" asked the scribe when the fourth side of the paper was nearly covered.

"Let me see. Ah, there is yet a little room. Say, 'My friendly salutation to thy brothers, Jacques, Philip, and little Guillaume; and now I think on't, Jacques asked me to advise him if this were a good place for a young man to settle, and as I promised, I will now bid thee say that to my mind it is a place of goodly promise, and I were glad indeed to see all my friends of the house of De la Noye coming hither in the next ship.'"

"I have heard ere now that the pith of a woman's letter was in the post scriptum, just as the sting of a honey bee cometh at the latter end," said John dryly. "And now wilt thou sign?"

"Yes. Give me the quill. Ciel, how it sputters and spatters! 'T is a wondrous poor pen, John."

"It served my turn well enow," replied John surveying with a grim smile the childish signature surrounded with a halo of ink-spatters; but as not one third of the women in the company could have done as well, Priscilla felt no more chagrin at not being a clerk, than a young lady of to-day would at not knowing trigonometry.

"And now address it to the Sieur Jacques De la Noye for Mademoiselle Jeanne De la Noye, and I will trust thee to put it with the letters already writ to go by the Mayflower. And thank thee kindly, John, for thy trouble."

- "Thou'rt more than welcome, Priscilla."
- "But why so grave upon't, lad?"
- "'The heart knoweth its own bitterness,' and mine hath no lack of bitter food, Priscilla."
- "Nay, perhaps thou turn'st sweet into bitter. A kind word to the brother of my gossip Jeanne"—
- "Ah, that's not all, nor the worst. But there, I'll fetch thee some water from the spring." And seizing the bucket, the young man went hastily out, leaving Priscilla staring at the folded letter upon the table, while she half murmured,—
- "Handsome Jacques with his quick wit and gentle breeding, and our brave Captain, the pink of knightly chivalry, and John!"—

CHAPTER XVII.

AN INTERNATIONAL TREATY.

PRISCILLA'S prophecy proved a true one, for hardly were the one-and-twenty men of the colony assembled around the table in the Common house to hold a final Council upon their new orders, than young Cooke came rapping at the door to announce that a large body of Indians had appeared on Watson's Hill, and seemed advancing on the village. The Council once more was hastily broken up, Carver only pausing to say with a glance around the circle,—

"It is clearly understood that Captain Standish is in full control of all military proceedings in this community, and we are all bound to follow his orders without cavil or delay."

"Ay," responded a score of deep-throated voices lacking that of Myles himself, who said, —

"The governor's authority is above that of the commandant unless martial law be proclaimed, and I shall be the first man to submit to it."

"' When gentlefolks meets, compliments passes,' muttered Billington with a sneer, while Edward Dotey and Edward Lister, nominally servants to Stephen Hopkins, but already ruffling with the best, tittered and nudged each other as they followed their betters out of the house.

Now Dame Nature in compounding a leader does not often omit to furnish him with five extra-keen senses, as

well as a certain sixth sense called intuition, quickwittedness, or, if you please, instinct; and Standish, born for a leader, was fully furnished forth with all six of these videttes, and seldom failed to see, hear, and understand all that went on in his vicinity. So did he now, and although his stern visage showed no shadow of change, he inwardly made the comment,—

- "Hopkins's varlets, eh? Like master, like man. And Billington — wait a bit, Master Poacher!"
- "Ah, here is our friend Samoset coming up the hill, and another with him," remarked Bradford as the little group of authorities paused at the head of the path leading to the spring and to Watson's Hill.
- "Tisquantum, I'll be bound. He looks to have a certain veneer of civilization over his savagery," remarked Winslow, and in another minute the two savages arrived within speaking distance, and the stranger tapping his breast grandiloquently exclaimed,—
 - "This is Tisquantum, friend of Englishmen."
- "Tisquantum is welcome, and so is Samoset," replied Carver gravely. "Have they brought furs to truck for the white men's goods?"

But hereupon Squanto, as Tisquantum (He-who-isangry) was familiarly designated, began a long and very flowery harangue, from which the Pilgrims gathered that the present was more of a diplomatic and international affair than a trading expedition, and that Massasoit, the sachem or chief of all this region, had come in royal progress, attended by his brother Quadequina and sixty chosen warriors, to greet the white men, and to settle upon what terms he would admit them to his territory.

So soon as the importance of this embassage was made plain, the Pilgrims prepared to meet the occasion with suitable formalities, and while Samoset and Squanto refreshed themselves in Stephen Hopkins's house, Standish hastened to put his entire command under arms, excepting the elder, who constituted the reserved force only to be called out in great emergencies. The military band, composed of four of the well-grown lads of the colony, Giles Hopkins, Bartholomew Allerton, John Crakstone, and John Cooke, was also called out and equipped with its two drums, a trumpet, and a fife, while a house just roofed in and not yet portioned into rooms, was hastily prepared as an audience chamber by clearing it of litter, and spreading at the upper end a large green rug belonging to Edward Winslow, and various cushions and mats, while a high-backed settle in the place of honor covered with some scarlet broadcloth cloaks stood ready to receive the king and the governor in equal honor. Everything being thus in readiness, Samoset and Squanto were dispatched with a courteous message to the king as the Pilgrims chose to translate the Indian term of sachem, inviting him to a conference, but the envoys, soon returning, brought an intricate greeting, from which Winslow the diplomatist at last evolved the meaning that Massasoit declined to trust himself among the white men without adequate hostages for his safety, and desired that one of the principal of the strangers should come to him while Samoset and Squanto remained in the village.

"Zounds! And does the barbarian fancy that two of his naked salvages count as one of our meanest, not to say our principal men!" exclaimed Standish angrily, but Winslow interposed,—

"If the governor and the brethren consider me as a fit man to answer the demand I will go and convey what message is decided upon to this potentate, and if he accepts me will remain as hostage while he visits the settlement."

- "Nay, Winslow, I claim the post of danger, if danger there be. It is the right of mine office," exclaimed Standish.
- "Not so, Captain; thy duty is to do us right in a quarrel, mine to keep us out of a quarrel. Each man to his own work, say you not so Governor?"
- "Master Winslow is right, Captain Standish, and furthermore we need your protection here, should an attack be made upon the village."
- "I submit, and my good will go with thee, Master Ambassador," replied Standish cordially; "but be sure if thy skill at keeping the peace fails of saving thy scalp, thou shalt have a royal guard of salvages to escort thee whither thou wilt go."
- "Gramercy for thy courtesy good my Valiant," replied Winslow in the same tone. "But I hope my wit shall avail to save my scalp."

And a few moments later the courtly Winslow, armed cap-a-pie and carrying a haversack of gifts at his back, strode down the hill, and across the brook to a point where a knot of dusky warriors awaited him, and with them passed out of sight, leaving his comrades to an hour of extreme solicitude and impatience.

Although out of sight their comrade, however, was in reality close at hand, for Massasoit had with Indian cunning selected a spot for the interview whence himself unseen he could through the branches of the shielding shrubbery overlook the approach from the village, and perceive any movement upon the side of the other party long before it could be made effectual. Standing in the

middle of a little glade to receive Winslow, resting lightly upon the strung bow in his right hand, Massasoit presented the ideal figure of an Indian chief, uncorrupted by the vulgar vices of civilization. Lofty of stature and of mien, his expression grave and even haughty, his frame replete with the easy strength of vigorous maturity, he looked, as Winslow decided in the first quick glance, more worthy to be the king of red men than James the First of England did to be the king of white men.

For costume the Indian wore buckskin leggings, highly ornamented moccasons, a belt with fringe several inches long, and a curious skin, dressed and ornamented upon the inside with elaborate designs, slung over his left shoulder by way of cloak. He also wore a necklace of white beads carved from bone, and depending from it at the back of his neck a pouch from which as a mark of royal favor he occasionally bestowed a little tobacco upon his followers, most of whom were provided with pipes. In his carefully dressed hair the chief wore three beautiful eagle-feathers, and his comely face was disfigured by a broad stripe of dark red or murray-colored paint.

Removing his hat and bowing courteously before this grave and silent figure, Winslow unfastened his haversack, and produced two sheath knives and a copper chain with a glittering pendant which might have been of jewels, but really was of glass.

These he laid at one side, and at the other a pocketknife with a brilliant earring. Finally he set by themselves a parcel of biscuit, a little pot of butter, and a flask of strong waters. Having arranged all these matters with great deliberation under the gravely obser-

vant eyes of the king, Winslow stood upright and demanded who could speak English. It proving that nobody could, another delay ensued while a pniese, or as we might say a noble of the king's suite, was dispatched to the village to summon Squanto and to remain as hostage in his place. During the half hour of this exchange, Massasoit remained standing precisely as Winslow had found him with his warriors half hid among the trees as motionless as himself. leaning against a great white birch on the edge of the little glade rested his left hand upon the hilt of his sword, and setting the other upon his hip imitated the immobility of the savages, and in his glistening steel cap and hauberk, his gauntlets and greaves, his bristling moustache and steady outlook, presented the fitting counterpart to the savage grandeur of Massasoit. was one of those momentary tableaux in which History occasionally foreshadows or defines her policy, and had an artist been privileged to study the scene he should have given us a noble picture of this first meeting of the Powers of the Old World and the New.

Squanto at last returned, and Massasoit for the first time opening his lips said gravely, —

"Tell the white man he is welcome."

"Thank your king for his courtesy," replied Winslow bowing toward the chief; "and tell him that my sovereign lord and master King James the First of Great Britain salutes him by me, and will be ready to make terms of peace and amity with him." Waiting a moment for this message to be delivered the ambassador went on,—

"And tell him furthermore, that Governor Carver, the chief man of our settlement is desirous of seeing him, and of arranging with him terms of alliance and of trade. Our desire is to purchase peltrie of every sort, and we are ready to pay for all that we receive, but it is best that the governor and the king should arrange these matters together. Meantime the governor begs your king's acceptance of this little gift," designating the two knives, the copper chain, and the provisions, "for his own use; while to his brother the Prince Quadequina he offers this knife for his pocket, — nay, —for his girdle, and this jewel for his ear. And if the king will now go to the village to confer with our governor, I, who am not ranked the lowest among our company, will remain here as surety until his return."

This speech having been somewhat lamely and laboriously translated into the vernacular by Squanto, Winslow wiped his brow and wished that it consisted with his dignity to throw off his armor and stretch himself upon the pine needles at his feet, but it evidently did not; and in a moment or two Squanto delivered to him the king's reply that he was very willing to become an ally of King James, and that he would go into the village to meet the governor leaving Winslow as guest of Quadequina, but that first he was ready to exchange for some very valuable peltrie the armor and weapons now worn by his guest, and as he observed by the other men of the colony.

To this proposition Winslow returned a most decided negative, adding that among his people no soldier relinquished his weapons except with his life, which chivalrous boast Squanto after a moment's consideration translated.—

"White man says these things to him all one as red man's scalp-lock to him," and Massasoit replied by a guttural sound sometimes rendered "Hugh!" although no letters can express it, and its intent is to convey comprehension, approbation, contempt, or assent, according to the intonation. In the present instance it conveyed approbation mingled with disappointment, and Massasoit drawing forward his tobacco pouch filled his pipe, lighted it with a sort of slow match made of bark, and having drawn two or three whiffs passed it to Winslow who gravely accepted it. Next the chief tasting the dainties offered him by one of his officers distributed the remainder among his followers, excepting the flask of gin, which having cautiously tried he laid aside, evidently not understanding it, and unwilling to offend the donor by showing his distaste for it. And here let it be said that Massasoit, although he learned to drink the "fire-water" of the white men, never became its victim like so many of his brethren.

These ceremonies over, Winslow, already a little uneasy lest Standish and his musketeers should come to seek him and disturb the harmony he was endeavoring to establish between this dusky potentate and his own people, suggested to Squanto that the governor would be growing impatient to receive his guest, and that the day was getting on.

This hint the interpreter conveyed in his own fashion to the king, who simply drawing his puma robe a little farther forward, muttered a word to Quadequina who stood beside him, and moved toward the village followed by about twenty warriors.

Winslow, somewhat startled by the suddenness of this departure would have followed at least for a few steps, but Quadequina, a younger and handsomer copy of his brother, stopped him by a single finger laid upon his breast, and a few guttural sounds which Squanto paused to interpret as a direction that the white man should remain where he was until the return of the sachem.

"Certainly. It is as a hostage that I am here. I would but move to a spot whence I may see the progress of his majesty and his greeting. Tell the prince that he has my parole not to escape."

But neither the words nor the spirit of this chivalrous utterance were familiar to Squanto, across whose red and yellow and oily countenance a gleam of humor shot and was gone, while he gravely reported to Quadequina,—

"The white man does but place himself to see the head men of his village fall to the ground before Massasoit and his sachems. He trembles before Quadequina and entreats his kindness."

"Hugh! I think thou liest, Squanto," sententiously replied the young sachem. "I see no trembling in this warrior's face, nor do I believe his people will fall down before Massasoit. Go, and see that thou dost speak more truly in the sachem's presence, or he will hang thy scalp in his wigwam to-night."

Squanto a little depressed at this suggestion, attempted no reply, but hastened after the chief who already was nearing the brook, while from the side of the town approached Standish, preceded by drum and fife and followed by six musketeers. Arriving first at the dividing line the captain halted his men, and summoning Squanto by name, bid him demand that the twenty followers of the king should leave their bows, arrows, and tomahawks where they now stood and come over unarmed, adding that the importance of their hostage might well cover this further concession. Massasoit after gazing for a moment into his opponent's face con-

ceded the point without parley, and at a sign from him the warriors threw their weapons in a pile and followed him unarmed through the shallow ford of the brook. Standish meantime deployed his men into guard of honor so that the chief passed between two lines of men who presented arms, and closing in behind him escorted him with drum and fife to the unfinished house where he was seated in state at one end of the settle, and his followers upon the cushions at the right hand of the Green Rug, which may be said to have distinguished this meeting as the Cloth of Gold, just a hundred years before, had that of the interview between Henry VIII. and Francis I.

Hardly was the chief seated when the sonorous sounds of the trumpet, well supported by the larger drum, replaced the shriller notes of fife and small drum, and Governor Carver in full armor and wearing a plumed hat, made his appearance, followed by six more musketeers, the two guards exhausting pretty nearly the whole available force of the Pilgrim army at this time.

Massasoit rose as the governor approached, and when Carver extended his hand laid his own in it, each potentate saluting the other with a punctilious gravity much to be admired. Carver then seated himself at the other end of the settle, and turning to Howland, who stood as a sort of Aid at his elbow, he requested some strong waters to be brought that he and the king might pledge health and amity to each other. This request having been foreseen was immediately complied with, and a great silver loving-cup with two handles and filled with a compound of Holland gin, sugar, and spice, with a moderate amount of water, was brought and presented to the governor who tasted decorously, and then passed

it to the sachem, who seizing both handles carried it to his mouth and drank with an air of stern determination, as one who would not allow personal distaste to interfere with public obligations. The cup was then passed to the other guests, and replenished more than once until all had tasted, Squanto remarking to his next neighbor as he handed him the cup, —

"It is the witch water to make a man brave that I have told you of drinking in the house of Slaney in the land of these Englishmen."

"Hugh! It is like the sun in summer," muttered the neighbor passing it on in his turn.

"John Howland!" whispered a low voice at the unglazed window near which the young man stood, and as he leaned hastily out he nearly bumped heads with pretty Elizabeth Tilley, who laughing said,—

"Nay, 't is no such great alarm, but Priscilla bade me tell thee to keep an eye upon the governor's lovingcup, lest some of these wild men steal it."

"Nay, they have no pockets to hide it in," replied John laughing. "Still I will have an eye to it, for we have none so much silverware in the colony that we should be willing to spare it."

The ceremony of welcome over, the business of the meeting began, and Massasoit, albeit a little incommoded by his strange potation, showed himself both dignified and friendly in his intentions. Carver on his side was as honorable as he was shrewd, and in the course of an hour the first American International Treaty was harmoniously concluded, and so much to the advantage of both sides, that not only was it sacredly observed in the beginning, but nineteen years later, when Massasoit felt his own days drawing to a close, he brought his sons,

Alexander and Philip, to Plymouth, where this "Auncient League and Confederacy" was formally renewed and ratified before the court then in session.

Business over, the sachem produced his pipe, filled it, smoked a little, and passed it to the governor, and in this manner it went round the assembly, red men and white together each taking a few whiffs, and when it was empty returning it to Massasoit, who seemed to be custodian of the tribal stock of tobacco.

Facts are stubborn things and History is sacred, and the scene just described is in all its details simple matter of History, but is it not a singular irony of fate that we who spend our lives in a crusade against strong drink and tobacco must, nevertheless, despair of rivaling the virtues of these men, who began their solemn covenant with the savages they had come to Christianize, by giving them gin, and ended it by accepting from them tobacco?

After the Council came a feast of the simple dainties furnished by the Pilgrim commissariat, and after that an informal mingling of the two companies, during which the Indians examined and essayed to sound the trumpet whose notes had so startled them, although the fife had seemed to them only the older brother of the whistles they so often made of willow twigs.

Before Massasoit took leave he requested that Winslow might remain while Quadequina came to view the wonders of the white man's village, and this favor being good-naturedly conceded, the prince, as our Englishmen called him, soon arrived with a fresh troop of followers, all of whom expected and received both meat, drink, and attention. But as the sun was setting Winslow appeared on the other side of the brook, and the savages

were hastily dismissed, except Squanto and Samoset, both of whom insisted upon staying, not only for the night, but declared that they were ready to leave their own people and remain with the white men, whose way of life they so much approved, and to whom they could be of much use in many ways. Squanto in especial pleaded that this place was his own home, and that he had only left it for the village of the Nausets whence Hunt had stolen him, because all his people were dead of the plague, and he was afraid of their ghosts. wigwam had once stood as he declared at the head of the King's Highway, and the Town Brook was his stewpond for the fish on which he mostly fed. Altogether it was quite evident that Squanto was rather the host than the guest of the Pilgrims, and as such they with grave jest and solemn fun consented to accept him. for Samoset, he already had helped himself to the freedom of the town, and these two, with Hobomok, the especial retainer of Standish, remained the faithful and useful friends of the white men until death divided them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LAST LINK BROKEN.

- "Ho Jack! Where's thy master?"
- "In heaven, Master Jones, or mayhap thou meanest King James, who by last accounts was in London."
- "I crave thy pardon, worshipful Master Alden!" and the shipmaster bowed in ludicrous parody of reverence. "I would fain know where thy servant Carver, and thine other retainers, Winslow, and Standish, and Allerton, and the dominie may be."
- "Tis a large question, Master Jones, for I do not keep them in my pocket as a general thing, and they are just now about their own business. Might I ask thine?"
- "Were I not in such haste 't would be to cudgel some manners into thy big carcase, Master Insolent; but come now, prythee be a good lad and bring me to the governor, the captain, and the elder, for time and tide are pressing, and I would fain be gone."
- "In that direction our fancies pull together rarely, and if thou it find a seat in the Common house I ill see if I can come upon the Fathers."

With an inarticulate growl the master of the Mayflower did as he was bid, and by the time goodwife Billington had cleared and wiped the benches and table, the men he had requested to see, along with Winslow, Allerton, Bradford, and Doctor Fuller, came in together, for the hour was just past noon, and the people collected for dinner had not yet dispersed.

- "Good-morrow, Captain Jones," said Carver courteously; "John Alden tells me thou wouldst have speech of all of us together."
- "Yes, Master Governor, and glad am I that peevish boy did my errand so largely, for what I have to say concerns every man, ay, and woman and child, in your settlement."
- "In truth! And what may it be, Master Jones? Sit you down, and goodwife Billington set on some beer for our guest."
- "Well thought on, and I'll not forget to send you another can or so before I sail."
 - "Is the sailing day fixed as yet?"
- "To-morrow's flood will see me off, wind and weather permitting."
- "And God willing," sternly interposed the elder; but Jones fixing his twinkling eyes upon Brewster's face over the edge of the pewter pot covering the lower half of his face answered scoffingly as he set the flagon down,—
- "If as you say God guides the wind and weather, reverend sir, fair weather speaks His willingness for me to sail, doth it not?"
- "Sith thy time is so short, Jones, mayhap thou'lt spare it, and tell thine errand at once," interposed Standish sharply, and Jones turned upon him with a leer.
- "So cock-a-hoop still, my little Captain! Hard work and starving do not cool thy temper, do they? But hold, man, hold. 'T is indeed true that I am scant for time and mine errand is just this: Ye have been good friends and true to me when I was in need, with my men half down and half ready to mutiny, and your women have well-nigh brought me to believe in saints and angels

and such like gear, and so I am come to offer such of you as will take it, a free passage home, if the men will help to handle the ship and the women cook, and nurse such as may be ailing. Or if you choose to give up the emprize and load in your stuff and yourselves as ye were before, I'll take the stuff for passage money and trust Master Carver's word for the rest."

The Pilgrims paused on their reply, and man looked at man, each reading his own thought in the other's eyes. Then Carver spoke in grave deliberateness, —

- "Brethren, ye have heard Master Jones's proffer, and I doubt not ye agree with me that it is kindly and generously spoken and meant. What say ye to it man by man? Elder Brewster?"
- "I say, Cursed be he who having put his hand to the plough turneth back."
 - "And Master Allerton?"
 - "I will abide the decision of the rest."
 - "And Master Winslow?"
 - "I and mine remain here."
 - "And thou, Captain Standish?"
- "Our trumpeter has not been taught to sound the retreat."
 - "And Bradford?"
 - "I fain would stay here."
 - " And thou, Doctor?"
- "I' faith I see better hope of practice here than in the old countries. I'll stay."
- "And I have come here to live and to die," said Carver in conclusion. "So you see good Master Jones, that while kindly grateful for your offer and your heartiness, we cannot accept the first, but will requite the last with equal good will."

"Ay, I want your good will, and perhaps you'll give me a prayer or two just for luck, dominie?"

"Surely we will pray for thee, Master Jones," replied Brewster with fine reticence of tone.

"But before we say more, brethren," resumed the governor, "we must not forget that, as the master hath said, this question concerns every man, woman, and child in the colony; and while we would not send unprotected women or children upon a long voyage with such a crew as man the Mayflower,"—

"Nay, they're not psalm singers," muttered Jones half exultant half ashamed,

— "every man in the company has a right to decide for himself and those belonging to him," calmly concluded the governor, "and I will ask our captain, as equal in authority to myself, to bid the attendance of every man over twenty years old in the company, here at once."

"It shall be done, Governor," replied Standish rising, and ten minutes later a dozen or so more of men comprising all that were left alive of the Pilgrim Fathers crowded into the Common house and stood attentive while Carver briefly but distinctly conveyed to them Master Jones's offer.

"Ye understand, brethren," said he in conclusion, "that any one of you, or all of you are free to accept this offer without reproach. We seven men, to whom the message first was conveyed, have for ourselves refused it, but our will is not binding upon you or any of you. Master Hopkins, Master Warren, Cooke, Soule, Eaton, Howland, Alden, Gilbert Winslow, Browne, Dotey, and Lister, Billington, Goodman, Gardner, I call upon each of you to answer in turn, will you and those

belonging to you return to England in the Mayflower, or will you abide here and trust in God to sustain us in the undertaking we have entered upon in His name. Master Warren and Master Hopkins will you declare your wishes?"

"I have no desire but to stay, and I have writ to my wife to come to me and bring our five daughters," said Warren without hesitation, and Hopkins gruffly added his sentence,—

"I am no idle maid with a yea-say and a nay-say. I am here with all belonging to me, and here I abide."

And so in effect said every man there, each gently questioned by Carver, and each speaking his mind without fear or force, until at the end the governor turned to the grim old sea-dog who stood looking incredulously on, and with a cheek tinged by honorable pride declared.—

"We thank you, friend, for your kindly invitation to take passage with you for our old home, but not one among us will give up the hope of our new home. Not one having set hand to the plough will turn back!"

"Not one?" asked the master looking slowly around.

"Not one," replied the elder exultantly; and like the breaking of a great wave upon the Rock a score of deep-throated voices echoed back the boast,—

"NOT ONE."

The next morning broke clear and lovely, and with the sun rose a southwest wind, best of all winds for those who would extricate themselves from the somewhat tyrannous triple embrace of Plymouth Beach, The Gurnet, and Manomet. Directly after breakfast the Pilgrims' pinnace went out manned by half the men of the colony, some carrying a last letter, some a little additional package of furs or curiosities for those at home, some only to say good-by and take a last look at the dingy quarters that had been their home for so many months. Captain Jones, hearty and hospitable in these last hours, had provided what he called a snack, and both beer and strong waters were freely set out upon the cabin table, nor did even the Elder refuse to do him right in a parting glass of Nantz.

"Had I known you for such good fellows when first we joined company there had never been ill-will between us," said the master of the Mayflower. "But at least we will drown it now."

"It is drowned deep as Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea," responded Myles heartily, and the elder cried Amen.

An hour or so later, as the pinnace slowly beat back to her moorings, a group of women followed by some stragglers of the other sex climbed the hill and seated themselves about the Fort to watch the departure of the Mayflower. Priscilla and Mary Chilton as usual were close together, and Desire Minter seated herself beside them saying wearily,—

"Would I were a man!"

"Thou a man my Desirée!" exclaimed Priscilla turning upon her eyes sparkling with fun, although a suspicious red lingered around the lids. "Wouldst woo me for thy wife?"

"Thou'rt ever looking for every man to woo thee, but I'd have thee know there's one man, and his house not so far away, that's as near wooing me as thee."

"Oh cruel, cruel Desirée to wound my fond hopes so savagely," began Priscilla; but Mary ever more practical than humorous interrupted her, —

- "Why dost want to be a man, Desire?"
- "Because we women were not asked would we accept Master Jones's hospitality and go home, and so I had no chance to say 'Ay and thank y' sir?'"
- "Would you have so said Desirée?" asked Priscilla serious in a minute.
- "Why sure I would," replied the girl pettishly. "Why should any of us want to stay? There's plenty of hard work and plenty of prayers I grant you, and when you have said that you've said all. No decent housen, no butcher's meat, or milk, or garden stuff, or so much as a huckster's shop where one might cheapen a ribbon or a stay-lace what is there here to live for?"
- "Naught for thee, my poor Desirée, I'm afraid," said Priscilla almost tenderly. "And I wish thou couldst go home, but a maid may not venture herself alone."
- "I know she may not, and I tried to make my cousin Carver think as I do, that so she might persuade the Governor to go, but wow! at the first word she fell upon me with such a storm of words"—
- "Sweet Mistress Carver storm!" cried the two girls derisively, and Priscilla added more gravely,—
- "I can fancy what she tried to make thee feel, Desirée; but thou couldst not feel it, and mayhap most young maids like us could not, but thou seest Mary and I are different; our fathers and our mothers came hither with their lives in their hands to do a work, and we came to help them. Well, the lives were paid down and the work was not done, so we who remain, simple maids though we be, are in a manner bound to carry on that work, and not let them have died quite in vain. And their graves are here."

Mary Chilton bowed her head upon her knees, and for a moment there was a great silence, then Desire said querulously,—

"Well, but what is there for me to do?"

"Come home and help me cook the dinner!" cried Priscilla jumping to her feet, while practical Mary added, "And I dare say some man will marry thee, Desire, and thou mayest have children."

"I! I'll marry no man here — save one!" protested Desire tossing her head and rising more slowly.

"Save one! Now is that happy he named John Howland?" asked a merry voice at her elbow, and Desire with a start and a laugh exclaimed,—

"Fie on thee, John, to take a poor maid at her word so shortly."

"Thou shouldst not shout thy resolves into a man's ear didst not thou want him to hear them," replied John carelessly, and forgot the idle words which were to bear an ill and unexpected crop for him at no distant date.

CHAPTER XIX.

SOWED AND REAPED IN ONE DAY.

- "Bradford thou wast bred to the land wast not?" demanded Hopkins bursting into the house where William Bradford, ill and crippled with rheumatism in his "huckle-bone" or hip-joint, sat beside the fire reading an old Latin copy of the Georgics.
- "Bred to the land? Well, my forbears were husbandmen, and the uncle who cared for me as an orphan boy was a yeoman, but as I had some estate and not very rugged health, they aye left me alone with my books in my young days. But why?"
- "Didst thou ever hear then, or didst thou ever read in thy books, of planting fish along with corn?"
 - "Nay. Didst thou?"
- "That is what I am coming at. A lot of the men are talking with this Squanto about the place and time and manner of setting corn. Naturally the poor brute knoweth somewhat of the place and its customs, seeing that he hath always lived here, and still it irks me to see a salvage giving lessons to his white masters. He saith too that corn is to be planted when the oak leaves are as large as a mouse's ear. Such rotten rubbish!"
- "But doth he aver that his people were used to plant fish with the corn?"
- "Ay, and he went down to the brook yester even and set some manner of snare, and this morning hath taken

a peck or so of little fish, for all the world like a Dutch herring only bigger, and of these he says two must go into every hill of the corn, that is, this corn of theirs, for of wheat or rye or barley he knoweth nothing."

"By way of enrichment, I suppose."

"Ay, for in his gibberish he saith that corn hath been raised hereabout again and again, and now the land is hungry. Ha, ha, man, fancy the salvage calling the dead earth hungry, as if it were alive."

"Our dear mother Earth dead, sayst thou!" exclaimed Bradford smiling dreamily and glancing at his Virgil. "Nay, man, she is the vigorous fecund mother of all outward life, and when she dieth, the end of all things hath come."

"A pest on thy dreaming and thy bookish phantasies!" roared Hopkins kicking the smouldering log upon the hearth until a river of sparks flowed up and out of the wide chimney. "Dost thou agree to putting fish to decay amid the corn we are to eat by and by?"

"We are not to live by what we plant, but by what we reap, friend Hopkins," replied Bradford still smiling in the inscrutable fashion of a man who pursues his own train of thought far down beneath his surface conversation.

"Dost thou agree to the herring?" roared Hopkins smiting the table with his brawny fist.

"Why yes, Hopkins, if it needs that I give my sanction. It striketh my fancy that the man who hath raised and eaten his bread on this spot for some thirty years is like to know better how to do it than we who have just come. But what matter as to my opinion?"

"Oh ay, I did not tell it as I should, but the governor sent me out of the field to ask thee, knowing that thou wast yeoman born." "Then I pray thee tell the Governor that in my poor mind it were well to follow the native customs in these matters at least for the first. I would that I could get a-field and do my share of the work."

"Thou 'rt as well off here. 'T is woundy hot on that hill-side. I've known July cooler than this April."

"And still my rheumatism hugs the fire," said Bradford taking up the tongs and readjusting the scattered logs, while bustling Dame Hopkins hung her dinner-pot upon the crane in the farthest corner, and began a clatter of tongue before which her husband fled apace.

That night when the men came home from the field all spoke of the unusual and exhaustive heat of the weather, for it was now one of those periods of unseasonable sultriness which from time to time afflict our spring season, as on April 19, 1775, when the wheat stood high enough above ground to bend before the breeze, and the British soldiers fell down beside the road, overcome by heat in their rapid flight from the "embattled farmers" of Concord and Lexington. But the next morning rose even sultrier and more debilitating, and Mistress Katharine Carver following her husband to the door laid a hand upon his shoulder saying,—

"Go not a-field to-day, John. It is even more cruelly hot than yesterday, and thou art overborne with toil already. Stay with me, I pray thee."

"Nay, Kate, I were indeed unfit for the leader of the brethren could I send them forth to labor that I counted too heavy for myself. Let me go, sweetheart, and if thou wilt, say a prayer that I faint not by the way."

"That will I truly, and yet" -

The rest died on her lips for he was gone, yet for a few minutes longer she stood watching the tall figure as it disappeared up the hill path and listening to the murmur of a spinning-wheel in Elder Brewster's house, fitfully accompanied by a blithe tune lilted now and again by the spinner.

"Priscilla is early at her work," thought the dame. "I would I might sing and spin like that!" and with a little sigh she leaned her head against the door-post and closed her eyes; a sweet, pale face, colorless and pure as an Easter lily, and eyes whose blueness seemed to show through the weary lids with their deep golden fringe. A fair woman, a lovely woman, delicately bred, for her father was one of those English bishops whose authority her husband and his friends so resolutely denied, and both she and her sister, Pastor Robinson's wife, had "lain in the lilies and fed on the roses of life" until love led them to ardent sympathy with the Separatist movement, and they had wed with two of its most powerful leaders, while their brother, Roger White, became one himself.

"From heat to heat the day increased," and Katharine Carver lay faint and exhausted upon a settle drawn close beside the open door, when a strange sound of both assured and stumbling feet drew near, and as she started up it was to meet John Howland, half leading, half supporting her husband, whose face, deeply flushed, lay upon the other's shoulder.

"Be not over startled, dear lady!" exclaimed Howland. "The governor findeth himself a little overborne by the heat, and hath come"—

"John! Dear heart, what is it! Nay, try not to speak! Here, good John Howland, help me to lay him upon the bed—there then, dear one"—

"Fret not thyself, Kate, 't is but a pain in my head -

Katharine Carver

**

- -



TO WINE

ah — 't is shrewd enough, but it will pass — there, there, goodwife, fret not thyself!"

"John Howland, wilt thou find Surgeon Fuller, and mayhap Dame Brewster, but no more. I will wring a napkin out of fair water and lay to his head, for it burneth like fire."

"Ay, it burneth like fire," muttered the sick man wearily moving the poor head from side to side, and Katharine left alone dropped for one moment upon her knees and raised streaming eyes and clasped hands to Heaven, then rose, and when the Doctor and gentle Mary Brewster entered she stood white and calm at her husband's head.

"Ay, ay, he hath sunstroke," muttered the surgeon, laying a hand upon the patient's forehead, "and no wonder, for it is shrewdly hot to-day, and he toiling away like any Hodge of them all. I must let him blood. Canst get me a basin and a bandage, Mistress?"

"I will fetch them, Katharine. Sit you down." And the Elder's wife slipped out of the door and back again before even impatient Doctor Fuller could wonder where she was.

An hour later Carver arousing from the stupor that was growing upon him, asked to see William Bradford, who at once hobbled in from the neighboring house, although himself hardly able to sit up.

"It grieves me to find thee in such evil case, brother," said he painfully seating himself beside the sick man's pillow.

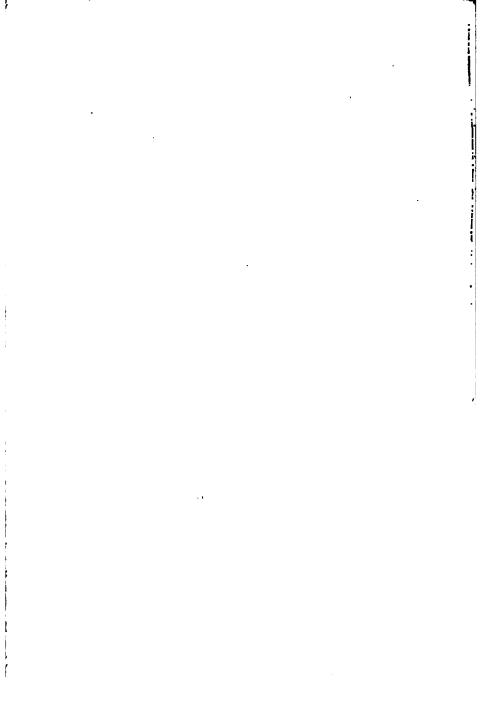
"Thy sorrows will last longer than mine, Will. I must set my house in order so far as I have time. Dost mind, Bradford, what I said to thee and Winslow and Standish, the time I saw ye standing upon the great rock in you island before we landed in this place?"

friend — pardon thou us, dear saint!" murmured Winslow.

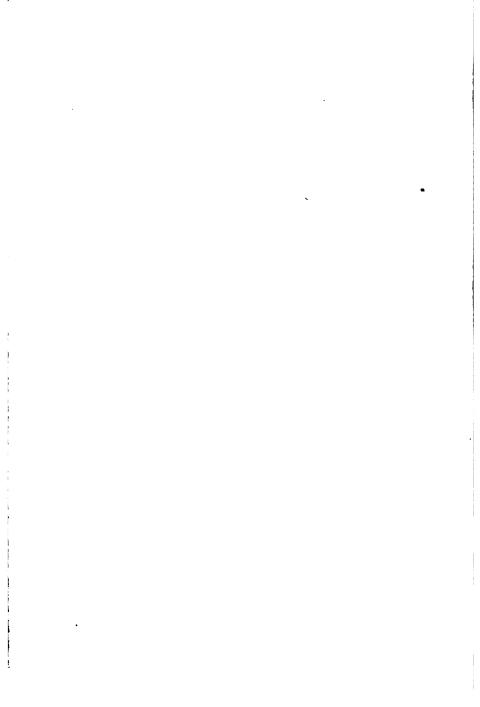
- "And if ye will follow my counsel, make William Bradford your Governor—and set aside all jealousy, all heart burning Winslow dost promise?"
 - "Ay, friend, I promise right heartily."
 - "Standish?"
 - "Ay, Governor."
- "Good-by I can no more Elder, say a prayer yet cease before I die" —

And with a long, quivering sigh as of one who relinquishes his grasp of a burden too mighty for his strength, the first Governor of Plymouth Colony went to render an account of his stewardship.





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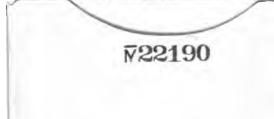
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